

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

I.

It is just twenty years since one of the most fascinating and artistic biographies in the English language was given to the world. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* no sooner appeared than it took firm possession of the public mind; and it has ever since retained its hold upon all who take an interest in the career of one who has been called, in language which is far less extravagant in reality than in appearance, "the foremost woman of her age." Written with admirable skill, in a style at once powerful and picturesque, and with a sympathy such as only one artist could feel for another, it richly merited the popularity which it gained and has kept. Mrs. Gaskell, however, laboured under one serious disadvantage, which no longer exists in anything like the same degree in which it did twenty years ago. Writing but a few months after Charlotte Brontë had been laid in her grave, and whilst the father to whom she was indebted for so much that was characteristic in her life and genius was still living, Mrs. Gaskell had necessarily to deal with many circumstances which affected living persons too closely to be handled in detail. Even as it was she involved herself in serious embarrassment by some of her allusions to incidents connected more or less nearly with the life of Charlotte Brontë; corrections and retractions were forced upon her, the later editions of the book differed considerably from the first, and at last she was compelled to announce that any further correspond-

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ence concerning it must be conducted through her solicitors. Thus she was crippled in her attempt to paint a full-length picture of a remarkable life, and her story was what Mr. Thackeray called it, "necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable."

Mrs. Gaskell also seems to have set out with the determination that her work should be pitched in a particular key. She had formed her own conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, and with the passion of the true artist and the ability of the practised writer she made everything bend to that conception. The result was that whilst she produced a singularly striking and effective portrait of her heroine, it was not one which was absolutely satisfactory to those who were the oldest and closest friends of Charlotte Brontë. If the truth must be told, the life of the author of *Jane Eyre* was by no means so joyless as the world now believes it to have been. That during the later years in which this wonderful woman produced the works by which she has made her name famous, her career was clouded by sorrow and oppressed by anguish both mental and physical, is perfectly true. That she was made what she was in the furnace of affliction cannot be doubted; but it is not true that she was throughout her whole life the victim of that extreme depression of spirits which afflicted her at rare intervals, and which Mrs. Gaskell has presented to us with so much vividness and emphasis. On the contrary, her letters show that at any rate up to the time of her leaving for Brussels, she was a happy and high-spirited girl,

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and that even to the very last she had the faculty of overcoming her sorrows by means of that steadfast courage which was her most precious possession, and to which she was so much indebted for her successive victories over trials and disappointments of no ordinary character. Those who imagine that Charlotte Brontë's spirit was in any degree a morbid or melancholic one do her a singular injustice. Intensely reserved in her converse with all save the members of her own household, and the solitary friend to whom she clung with such passionate affection throughout her life, she revealed to these

"The other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,"

which were and have remained hidden from the world, but which must be seen by those who would know what Charlotte Brontë really was as a woman. Alas! those who knew her and her sisters well during their brief lives are few in number now. The Brontës who plucked the flower of fame out of the thorny waste in which their lots were cast survive in their books and in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But the Brontës, the women who lived and suffered thirty years ago, and whose characters were instinct with so rare and lofty a nobility, so keen a sensitiveness, so pure a humility, are known no longer.

Yet one mode of making acquaintance with them is still open to some among us. From her school-days down to the hour in which she was stretched prostrate in her last sickness, Charlotte Brontë kept up the closest and most confidential intercourse with her one life-long friend. To that friend she addressed letters which may be counted by hundreds, scarcely one of which fails to contain some characteristic touch worthy of the author of *Villette*. No one can read this remarkable correspondence without learning the secret of the writer's character; none, as I believe, can read it without feeling that the woman who "stole like a shadow" into the field of English literature in 1847, and in less than eight years after stole as noiselessly away, was truer and nobler even than her works, truer and nobler even than that masterly

picture of her life for which we are indebted to Mrs. Gaskell.

These letters lie before me as I write. Here are the faded sheets of 1832, written in the school-girl's hand, filled with the school-girl's extravagant terms of endearment, yet enriched here and there by sentences which are worthy to live, some of which have already, indeed, taken their place in the literature of England; and here is the faint pencil note written to "my own dear Nell" out of the writer's "dreary sick-bed" which was so soon to be the bed of death! Between the first letter and that last sad note what outpourings of the mind of Charlotte Brontë are embodied in this precious pile of cherished manuscript! Over five-and-twenty years of a blameless life this artless record stretches. So far as Charlotte Brontë's history as a woman, and the history of her family are concerned, it is complete for the whole of that period, the only breaks in the story being those which occurred when she and her friend were together. Of her early literary ventures we find little here, for even to her friend she did not dare in the first instance to betray the fearful joys which filled her soul when she at last discovered her true vocation, and spoke to a listening world; but of her later life as an author, of her labours from the day when she owned *Jane Eyre* as the child of her brain, there are constant and abundant traces. Here, too, we read all her secret sorrows, her hopes, her fears, her communings with her own heart. Many things there are in this record too sacred to be given to the world. Even now it is with a tender and a reverent hand that one must touch these "noble letters of the dead;" but those who are allowed to see them, to read them and ponder over them, must feel as I do, that the soul of Charlotte Brontë stands revealed in these unpublished pages, and that only here can we see what manner of woman this really was who in the solitude and obscurity of the Yorkshire hill-parsonage built up for herself an imperishable name, enriched the literature of England with treasures of priceless value, and withal led for nearly forty years a life that was rendered sacred

and sublime by the self-repression and patient endurance which were its most marked characteristics.

Mrs. Gaskell has done her work so well that the world would scarcely care to listen to a mere repetition of the Brontë story, even though the story-teller were as gifted as the author of *Ruth* herself. But those who have been permitted to gain a new insight into Charlotte Brontë's character, those who are allowed to command materials of which the biographer of 1857 could make no use, may venture to lay a tribute-wreath of their own upon the altar of this great woman's memory—a tribute-wreath woven of flowers culled from her own letters. And it cannot be that the time is yet come when the name or the fame or the touching story of the unique and splendid genius to whom we owe *Jane Eyre* will fall upon the ears of English readers like "a tale of little meaning" or of doubtful interest.

II.

In the late autumn of 1847 the reading public of London suddenly found itself called to admire and wonder at a novel which, without preliminary puff of any kind, had been placed in its hands. "*Jane Eyre*, by Currer Bell," became the theme of every tongue, and society exhausted itself in conjectures as to the identity of the author, and the real meaning of the book. It was no ordinary book, and it produced no ordinary sensation. Disfigured here and there by certain crudities of thought and by a clumsiness of expression which betrayed the hand of a novice, it was nevertheless lit up from the first page to the last by the fire of a genius the depth and power of which none but the dullest could deny. The hand of its author seized upon the public mind whether it would or no, and society was led captive, in the main against its will, by one who had little of the prevailing spirit of the age, and who either knew nothing of conventionalism, or despised it with heart and soul. Fierce was the revolt against the influence of this new-comer in the wide arena of letters, who had stolen in, as it were in the night, and taken the citadel

by surprise. But for the moment all opposition was beaten down by sheer force of genius, and *Jane Eyre* made her way, compelling recognition, wherever men and women were capable of seeing and admitting a rare and extraordinary intellectual supremacy. "How well I remember," says Mr. Thackeray, "the delight and wonder and pleasure with which I read *Jane Eyre*; sent to me by an author whose name and sex were then alike unknown to me, and how with my own work pressing upon me, I could not, having taken the volumes up, lay them down until they were read through." It was the same everywhere. Even those who saw nothing to commend in the story, those who revolted against its free employment of great passions and great griefs, and those who were elaborately critical upon its author's ignorance of the ways of polite society, had to confess themselves bound by the spell of the magician. *Jane Eyre* gathered admirers fast; and for every admirer she had a score of readers.

Those who remember that winter of nine-and-twenty years ago know how something like a *Jane Eyre* fever raged among us. The story which had suddenly discovered a glory in uncomeliness, a grandeur in overmastering passion, moulded the fashion of the hour, and "Rochester airs" and "Jane Eyre graces" became the rage. The book, and its fame and influence, travelled beyond the seas with a speed which in those days was marvellous. In sedate New England homes the history of the English governess was read with an avidity which was not surpassed in London itself, and within a few months of the publication of the novel it was famous throughout two continents. No such triumph has been achieved in our time by any other English author; nor can it be said, upon the whole, that many triumphs have been better merited. It happened that this anonymous story, bearing the unmistakable marks of an unpractised hand, was put before the world at the very moment when another great masterpiece of fiction was just beginning to gain the ear of the English public. But at the moment of publication *Jane Eyre* swept past *Vanity Fair* with a marvellous and

impetuous speed which left Thackeray's work in the distant background; and its unknown author in a few weeks gained a wider reputation than that which one of the master-minds of the century had been engaged for long years in building up.

The reaction from this exaggerated fame, of course, set in, and it was sharp and severe. The blots in the book were easily hit; its author's unfamiliarity with the stage business of the play was evident enough—even to dunces; so it was a simple matter to write smart articles at the expense of a novelist who laid himself open to the whole battery of conventional criticism. In *Jane Eyre* there was much painting of souls in their naked reality; the writer had gauged depths which the plummet of the common storyteller could never have sounded, and conflicting passions were marshalled on the stage with a masterful daring which Shakespeare might have envied; but the costumes, the conventional bye-play, the scenery, even the wording of the dialogue, were poor enough in all conscience. The merest play-wright or reviewer could have done better in these matters—as the unknown author was soon made to understand. Additional piquancy was given to the attack by the appearance, at the very time when the *Jane Eyre* fever was at its height, of two other novels, written by persons whose sexless names proclaimed them the brothers or the sisters of Currer Bell. Human nature is not so much changed from what it was in 1847 that one need apologize for the readiness with which the reading world in general, and the critical world in particular, adopted the theory that *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were earlier works from the pen which had given them *Jane Eyre*. In *Wuthering Heights* some of the faults of the other book were carried to an extreme, and some of its conspicuous merits were distorted and exaggerated until they became positive blemishes; whilst *Agnes Grey* was a feeble and commonplace tale which it was easy to condemn. So the author of *Jane Eyre* was compelled to bear not only her own burden, but that of the two stories which had followed the successful novel; and the reviewers—

ignorant of the fact that they were killing three birds at a single shot—rejoiced in the larger scope which was thus afforded to their critical energy.

Here and there, indeed, a manful fight on behalf of Currer Bell was made by writers who knew nothing but the name and the book. "It is soul speaking to soul," cried *Fraser's Magazine* in December, 1847; "it is not a book for prudes," added *Blackwood*, a few months later; "it is not a book for effeminate and tasteless men; it is for the enjoyment of a feeling heart and critical understanding." But in the main the verdict of the critics was adverse. It was discovered that the story was improper and immoral; it was said to be filled with descriptions of "courtship after the manner of kangaroos," and to be impregnated with a "heathenish doctrine of religion"; whilst there went up a perfect chorus of reprobation directed against its "coarseness of language," "laxity of tone," "horrid taste," and "sheer rudeness and vulgarity." From the book to the author was of course an easy transition. London had been bewildered, and its literary quidnuncs utterly puzzled, when such a story first came forth inscribed with an unknown name. Many had been the rumours eagerly passed from mouth to mouth as to the real identity of Currer Bell. Upon one point there had, indeed, been something like unanimity among the critics, and the story of *Jane Eyre* had been accepted as something more than a romance, as a genuine autobiography in which real and sorrowful experiences were related. Even the most hostile critic of the book had acknowledged that "it contained the story of struggles with such intense suffering and sorrow as it was sufficient misery to know that any one had conceived, far less passed through." Where then was this wonderful governess to be found? In what obscure hiding-place could the forlorn soul, whose cry of agony had stirred the hearts of readers everywhere, be discovered? We may smile now, with more of sadness than of bitterness, at the base calumnies of the hour, put forth in mere wantonness and levity by a people ever seeking to know some new thing and to taste some new

sensation. The favourite theory of the day—a theory duly elaborated and discussed in the most orthodox and respectable of the reviews—was that Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp were merely different portraits of the same character; and that their original was to be found in the person of a discarded mistress of Mr. Thackeray, who had furnished the great author with a model for the heroine of *Vanity Fair*, and had revenged herself upon him by painting him as the Rochester of *Jane Eyre*! It was after dwelling upon this marvellous theory of the authorship of the story that the *Quarterly Review*, with Peckaniffian charity, calmly summed up its conclusions in these memorable words:—"If we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has for some sufficient reason long forfeited the society of her own sex."

The world knows the truth now. It knows that these bitter and shameful words were applied to one of the truest and purest of women; to a woman who from her birth had led a life of self-sacrifice and patient endurance; to a woman whose affections dwelt only in the sacred shelter of her home, or with companions as pure and worthy as herself; to one of those few women who can pour out all their hearts in converse with their friends, happy in the assurance that years hence the stranger into whose hands their frank confessions may pass will find nothing there that is not loyal, true, and blameless. There was wonder among the critics, wonder too in the gay world of London, when the secret was revealed, and men were told that the author of *Jane Eyre* was no passionate light-o'-love who had merely transcribed the sad experiences of her own life; but "an austere little Joan of Arc," pure, gentle, and high-minded, of whom Thackeray himself could say that "a great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always." The quidnuncs had searched far and wide for the author of *Jane Eyre*; but we may well doubt whether, when the truth came out at last, they were not more than ever mystified by the discovery that Currer Bell was Charlotte Brontë, the young daughter

of a country parson in a remote moorland parish of Yorkshire.

That such a woman should have written such a book was more than a nine days' wonder; and for the key to that which is one of the great marvels and mysteries of English literature we must go to Charlotte Brontë's life itself.

III.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Greg's *Enigmas of Life*, in which the influence of external circumstances upon the inner lives of men and women is dwelt upon somewhat minutely, and, by way of example, the connection between religious "conviction" and an imperfect digestion is carefully traced out. That we are the creatures of circumstance can hardly be doubted, nor that our destinies are moulded, just as the coral reefs are built, by the action of innumerable influences, each in itself apparently trivial and insignificant. But the habit which leads men to find a full explanation of the lives of those who have attained exceptional distinction in the circumstances amid which their lot has been cast cannot be said to be a very wholesome or happy one. Few have suffered more cruelly from this trick than the Brontë family. Graphic pictures have been presented to the world of their home among the hills, and of their surroundings in their early years; whilst the public have been asked to believe that some great shadow of gloom rested over their lives from their birth, and that to this fact, and to the influence of the moors, must be attributed, not only the peculiar bent of their genius, but the whole colour and shape of their lives. Those who are thus determined to account for everything that lies out of the range of common experience would do well, before they attempt to analyse the great mystery of genius, to reveal to us the true cause of the superlative excellence of this or that rare *cru*, the secret which gives Johannesburg or Château d'Yquem its glory in the eyes of connoisseurs. Circumstances apparently have little to do with the production of the fragrance and bouquet of these famous wines; for we

know that grapes growing close at hand on similar vines and seemingly under precisely similar conditions, warmed by the same sun, refreshed by the same showers, fanned by the same breezes, produce a wine which is comparatively worthless. When the world has expounded this riddle, it will be time enough to deal with that deeper problem of genius on which we are now too apt to lay presumptuous and even violent hands.

The Brontës have suffered grievously from this fashion, inasmuch as their picturesque and striking surroundings have been allowed to obscure our view of the women themselves. We have made a picture of their lives, and have filled in the mere accessories with such pre-Raphaelite minuteness that the distinct individuality of the heroines has been blurred and confused amid the general blaze of vivid colour, the crowd of "telling" points. No individual is to be blamed for this fact. The world, as we have seen, was first introduced to "Currer Bell" and her sisters under romantic circumstances; the lives of those simple, sternly-honest women were enveloped from the moment when the public made their acquaintance in a certain colour of romantic mystery; and when all had passed away, and the time came for the "many-headed beast" to demand the full satisfaction of its curiosity, it would have nothing but the completion of that romance which from the first it had figured in outline for itself.

Who then does not know the salient points of that strange and touching story which tells us how the author of *Jane Eyre* lived and died? Who is not acquainted with that grim parsonage among the hills, where the sisters dwelt amid such uncongenial and even weird influences; living like recluses in the house of a Protestant pastor; associated with sorrow and suffering, and terrible pictures of degrading vice, during their blameless maidenhood; constructing an ideal world of their own, and dwelling in it heedless of the real world which was in motion all around them? Who has not been amused and interested by those graphic pictures of Yorkshire life in the last century, in

which the local flavour is so intense and piquant, and which are hardly the less interesting because they relate to an order of things which had passed away entirely before ever the Brontës appeared upon the stage? And who has not been moved by the dark tragedy of Branwell Brontë's life, hinted at rather than explicitly stated, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, but yet standing out in such prominence that those who know no better may be forgiven if they regard it as having been the powerful and all-pervading influence which made the career of the sisters what it was? The true charm of the history of the Brontës, however, does not lie in these things. It is not to be found in the surroundings of their lives, remarkable and romantic as they were, but in the women themselves, and in those characteristics of their hearts and their intellects which were independent of the accidents of condition. Charlotte herself would have been the first to repudiate the notion that there was anything strikingly exceptional in their outward circumstances. With a horror of being considered eccentric that amounted to a passion, she united an almost morbid dread of the notice of strangers. If she could ever have imagined that readers throughout the world would come to associate her name, and still more the names of her idolized sisters, with the ruder features of the Yorkshire character, or with such a domestic tragedy as that amid which her unhappy brother's life terminated, her spirit would have arisen in indignant revolt against that which she would have regarded almost in the light of a personal outrage.

And yet if their surroundings at Haworth had comparatively little to do with the development of the genius of the three sisters, it cannot be doubted that two influences which Mrs. Gaskell has rightly made prominent in her book did affect their characters, one in a minor, and the other in a very marked degree. The influence of the moors is to be traced both in their lives and their works; whilst far more distinctly is to be traced the influence of their father. As to the first there is little to be said in addition to that which all know already. There is

a railway station now at Haworth, and all the world therefore can get to the place without difficulty or inconvenience. Yet even to-day, when the engine goes shrieking past it many times between sunrise and sunset, Haworth is not as other places are. A little manufacturing village sheltered in a nook among the hills and moors which stretch from the heart of Yorkshire into the heart of Lancashire, it bears the vivid impress of its situation. The moors which lie around it for miles on every side are superb during the summer and autumn months. Then Haworth is in its glory : a grey stone hamlet set in the midst of a vast sea of odorous purple, and swept by breezes which bear into its winding street the hum of the bees and the fragrance of the heather. But it is in the drear, leaden days of winter, when the moors are covered with snow, that we see what Haworth really is. Then we know that this is a place apart from the outer world ; even the railway seems to have failed to bring it into the midst of that great West Riding which lies close at hand with its busy mills and multitudes ; and the dullest therefore can understand that in the days when the railway was not, and Haworth lay quite by itself, neglected and unseen in its upland valley, its people must have been blessed by some at least of those insular peculiarities which distinguished the villagers of Zermatt and Pontresina before the flood of summer tourists had swept into those comparatively remote crannies of the Alps. Nurtured among these lonely moors, and accustomed, as all dwellers on thinly-peopled hillsides are, to study the skies and the weather, as the inhabitants of towns and plains study the faces of men and women, the Brontës unquestionably drew their love of nature, their affection for tempestuous winds and warring clouds, from their residence at Haworth.

But this influence was trivial compared with the hereditary influences of their father's character. Few more remarkable personalities than that of the Rev. Patrick Brontë have obtruded themselves upon the smooth uniformity of modern society. The readers of Mrs. Gaskell's

biography know that the incumbent of Haworth was an eccentric man, but the full measure of his eccentricity and waywardness has never yet been revealed to the world. He was an Irishman by birth, but when still a young man he had gone to Yorkshire as a curate, and in Yorkshire he remained to the end of his days. He appears to have been a strange compound of good and evil. That he was not without some good is acknowledged by all who knew him. He had kindly feelings towards most people, and he delighted in the stern rectitude which distinguished many of his Yorkshire flock. When his daughter became famous, no one was better pleased at the circumstance than he was. He cut out of every newspaper every scrap which referred to her ; he was proud of her achievements, proud of her intellect, and jealous for her reputation. But throughout his whole life there was but one person with whom he had any real sympathy, and that person was himself. Passionate, self-willed, vain, habitually cold and distant in his demeanour to those of his own household, he exhibited in a marked degree many of the characteristics which Charlotte Brontë afterwards sketched in the portrait of the Mr. Helston of *Shirley*. The stranger who encountered him found a scrupulously polite gentleman of the old school, who was garrulous about his past life, and who needed nothing more than the stimulus of a glass of wine to become talkative on the subject of his conquests over the hearts of the ladies of his congregation. As you listened to the quaintly-attired old man who chatted on with inexhaustible volubility, you possibly conceived the idea that he was a mere fribble, gay, conceited, harmless ; but at odd times a searching glance from the keen, deep-sunk eyes warned you that you also were being weighed in the balance by your companion, and that this assumption of light-hearted vanity was far from revealing the real man to you. Only those who dwelt under the same roof knew him as he really was. Among the many stories told of him by his children there is one relating to the meek and gentle woman who was his wife, and whose lot it was to

submit to persistent coldness and neglect. Somebody had given Mrs. Brontë a very pretty dress, and her husband, who was as proud as he was self-willed, had taken offence at the gift. A word to his wife, who lived in habitual dread of her lordly master, would have secured all he wanted; but in his passionate determination that she should not wear the obnoxious garment, he deliberately cut it to pieces and presented her with the tattered fragments. Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and when excited he would fire these at the doors of the outhouses so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistol-shots at any hour of the day in their pastor's house. It would be a mistake to suppose that violence was one of the weapons to which Mr. Brontë habitually resorted. However stern and peremptory might be his dealings with his wife (who soon left him to spend the remainder of his life in a dreary widowhood), his general policy was to secure his end by craft rather than by force. A profound belief in his own superior wisdom was conspicuous among his characteristics, and he felt convinced that no one was too clever to be outwitted by his diplomacy. He had also an amazing persistency, which led him to pursue any course on which he once embarked with dogged determination. It happened in later years, when his strength was failing, and when at last he began to see his daughter in her true light, that he quarrelled with her regarding the character of one of their friends. The daughter, always dutiful and respectful, found that any effort to stem the torrent of his bitter and unjust wrath when he spoke of the friend who had offended him, was attended by consequences which were positively dangerous. The veins of his forehead swelled, his eyes glared, his voice shook, and she was fain to submit lest her father's passion should prove fatal to him. But when, wounded beyond endurance by his violence and injustice, she withdrew for a few days from her home, and told her father that she would receive no letters from him in which

this friend's name was mentioned, the old man's cunning took the place of passion. He wrote long and affectionate letters to her on general subjects; but accompanying each letter was a little slip of paper, which professed to be a note from Charlotte's dog "Flossy" to his "much-respected and beloved mistress," in which the dog, declaring that he saw "a good deal of human nature that was hid from those who had the gift of language," was made to repeat the attacks upon the obnoxious person which Mr. Brontë dared no longer make in his own character.

It was to the care of such a father as this, in the midst of the rude and uncongenial society of the lonely manufacturing village, that six motherless children, five daughters and one son, were left in the year 1821. The parson's children were not allowed to associate with their little neighbours in the hamlet; their aunt, who came to the parsonage after their mother's death, had scarcely more sympathy with them than their father himself; their only friend was the rough but kindly servant Tabby, who pitied the bairns without understanding them, and whose acts of graciousness were too often of such a character as to give them more pain than pleasure. So they grew up strange, lonely, old-fashioned children, with absolutely no knowledge of the world outside; so quiet and demure in their habits that years afterwards, when they invited some of their Sunday scholars up to the parsonage, and wished to amuse them, they found that they had to ask the scholars to teach them how to play—they had never learned. Carefully secluded from the rest of the world, the little Brontë children found out fashions of their own in the way of amusement, and marvellous fashions they were. Whilst they were still in the nursery, when the oldest of the family, Maria, was barely nine years old, and Charlotte, the third, was just six, they had begun to take a quaint interest in literature and politics. Heaven knows who it was who first told these wonderful pigmies of the great deeds of a Wellington or the crimes of a Bonaparte; but at an age when other children are generally busy with their bricks or their dolls, and when all life's interests are

confined for them within the walls of a nursery, these marvellous Brontës were discussing the life of the great Duke, and maintaining the Tory cause as ardently as the oldest and sturdiest of the village politicians in the neighbouring inn.

There is a touching story of Charlotte at six years old, which gives us some notion of the ideal life led by the forlorn little girl at this time, when, her two elder sisters having been sent to school, she found herself living at home, the eldest of the motherless brood. She had read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and had been fascinated, young as she was, by that wondrous allegory. Everything in it was to her true and real; her little heart had gone forth with Christian on his pilgrimage to the Golden City, her bright young mind had been fired by the Bedford tinker's description of the glories of the Celestial Place; and she made up her mind that she too would escape from the City of Destruction and gain the haven towards which the weary spirits of every age have turned with eager longing. But where was this glittering city with its streets of gold, its gates of pearl, its walls of precious stones, its streams of life and throne of light? Poor little girl! The only place which seemed to her to answer Bunyan's description of the celestial town was one which she had heard the servants discussing with enthusiasm in the kitchen, and its name was Bradford! So to Bradford little Charlotte Brontë, escaping from that Haworth Parsonage which she believed to be a doomed spot, set off one day in 1822. Ingenious persons may speculate if they please upon the sore disappointment which awaited her when, like older people, reaching the place which she had imagined to be Heaven, she found that it was only Bradford. But she never even reached her imaginary Golden City. When her tender feet had carried her a mile along the road, she came to a spot where overhanging trees made the highway dark and gloomy; she imagined that she had come to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and fearing to go forward, was presently discovered by her nurse cowering by the roadside.

Of the school-days of the Brontës nothing need be said here. Every reader

of *Jane Eyre* knows what Charlotte Brontë herself thought of that charitable institution to which she has given so unenviable a notoriety. There she lost her oldest sister, whose fate is described in the tragic tale of Helen Burns; and it was whilst she was at this place that her second sister, Elizabeth, also died. Only one thing need be added to this dismal record of the stay at Cowan Bridge. During the whole time of their sojourn there the young Brontës scarcely ever knew what it was to be free from the pangs of hunger.

Charlotte was now the head of the little family; the remaining members of which were her brother Branwell and her sisters Emily and Anne. Mrs. Gaskell has given the world a vivid picture of the life which these four survivors from the hardships of Cowan Bridge led between the years 1825 and 1831. They spent those years at Haworth, almost without care or sympathy. Their father saw little in their lot to interest him, nothing to drag him out of his selfish absorption in his own pursuits; their aunt, a permanent invalid, conceived that her duty was accomplished when she had taught them a few lessons and insisted on their doing a certain amount of needlework every day. For the rest they were left to themselves, and thus early they showed the bent of their genius by spending their time in writing novels.

Mrs. Gaskell has given us some idea of the character of these juvenile performances in a series of extracts which sufficiently indicate their rare merit. She has, however, paid exclusive attention to Charlotte's productions. All readers of the Brontë story will remember the account of *The Play of the Islanders*, and other remarkable specimens, showing with what real vigour and originality Charlotte could handle her pen whilst she was still in the first year of her teens; but those few persons who have seen the whole of the juvenile library of the family, bear testimony to the fact that Branwell and Emily were at least as industrious and successful as Charlotte herself. Indeed, even at this early age, the *bizarre* character of Emily's genius was beginning to manifest itself, and her leaning towards weird and supernatural effects was exhibited

whilst she composed her first fairy tales within the walls of her nursery. It may be well to bear in mind the frequency with which the critics have charged Charlotte Brontë with exaggerating the precocity of children. What we know of the early days of the Brontës proves that what would have been exaggeration in any other person was in the case of Charlotte nothing but a truthful reproduction of her own experiences.

IV.

The years have slipped away and the Brontës are no longer children. They have passed out of that strange condition of premature activity in which their brains were so busy, their lives so much at variance with the lives of others of their age; they have even "finished" their education, according to the foolish phrase of the world, and having made some acquaintances and a couple of friends at good Miss Wooler's school at Roehead, Charlotte is again at home, young, hopeful, and in her own way merry, waiting with her brother and her sister till that mystery of life which seems filled with hidden charms to those who still have it all before them, shall be revealed.

One bright June morning, in 1833, a handsome carriage and pair is standing opposite the Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge, the spot loved by all anglers and artists who know anything of the scenery of the Wharfe. In the carriage with some companions is a young girl, whose face, figure, and manner may be conjured up by all who have read *Shirley*; for this pleasant, comely Yorkshire maiden, as we see her on this particular morning, is identical with the Caroline Helston who figures in the pages of that novel. Miss N—— is waiting for her quondam school-fellow and present bosom friend, Charlotte Brontë, who is coming with her brother and sisters to join in an excursion to the enchanted site of Bolton Abbey hard by. Presently, on the steep road which stretches across the moors to Keighley, the sound of wheels is heard, mingled with the merry speech and merrier laughter of fresh young voices. Shall we go forward unseen and study the

approaching travellers whilst they are still upon the road? Their conveyance is no handsome carriage, but a rickety dog-cart, unmistakably betraying its neighbourhood to the carts and ploughs of some rural farm-yard. The horse, freshly taken from the fields, is driven by a youth who, in spite of his countrified dress, is no mere bumpkin. His shock of red hair hangs down in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet, and, following the fashion of the times, has that abhorrence for the barber's shears which genius is supposed to affect. But the lad's face is a handsome and a striking one; full of Celtic fire and humour, untouched by the slightest shade of care, giving one the impression of somebody altogether hopeful, promising, even brilliant. How gaily he jokes with his three sisters; with what inexhaustible volubility he pours out quotations from his favourite poets, applying them to the lovely scene around him; and with what a mischievous delight, in his superior nerve and mettle, he attempts feats of charioteering which fill the timid heart of the youngest of the party with sudden terrors! Beside him, in a dress of marvellous plainness and ugliness, stamped with the brand "home-made" in characters which none can mistake, is the eldest of the sisters. Charlotte is talking too; there are bright smiles upon her face; she is enjoying everything around her, the splendid morning, the charms of leafy trees and budding roses, and the ever-musical stream; most of all, perhaps, the charm of her brother's society, and the expectation of that coming meeting with her friend, which is so near at hand. Behind sit a pretty little girl, with fine complexion and delicate regular features, whom the stranger would at once pick out as the beauty of the company, and a tall, rather angular figure, clad in a dress exactly resembling Charlotte's. Emily Brontë does not talk so much as the rest of the party, but her wonderful eyes, brilliant and unfathomable as the pool at the foot of a waterfall, but radiant also with a wealth of tenderness and warmth, show how her soul is expanding under the influences of the scene; how, quick she is to note the least prominent of the

beauties around her, how intense is her enjoyment of the songs of the birds, the brilliancy of the sunshine, the rich scent of the flower-bespangled hedge-rows. If she does not, like Charlotte and Anne, meet her brother's ceaseless flood of sparkling words with opposing currents of speech, she utters at times a strange, deep guttural sound which those who know her best interpret as the language of a joy too deep for articulate expression. Gaze at them as they pass you in the quiet road, and acknowledge that in spite of their rough and even uncouth exteriors, a happier four could hardly be met with in this favourite haunt of pleasure-seekers during a long summer's day.

Suddenly the dog-cart rattles noisily into the open space in front of the Devonshire Arms, and the Brontës see the carriage and its occupants. In an instant there is silence; Branwell contrasts his humble equipage with that which already stands at the inn door, and a flush of mortified pride colours his face; the sisters scarcely note this contrast, but to their dismay they see that their friend is not alone, and each draws a long deep breath, and prepares for that fiercest of all the ordeals they know, a meeting with entire strangers. The laughter is stilled; even Branwell's volubility is at an end; the glad light dies out of their eyes, and when they alight and submit to the process of being introduced to Miss N——'s companions, their faces are as dull and commonplace as their dresses. It is no imaginary scene we have been watching. Miss N—— still recalls that painful moment when the merry talk and laughter of her friends were quenched at sight of the company awaiting them, and when throughout a day to which all had looked forward with anticipations of delight, the three Brontës clung to each other or to their friend, scarcely venturing to speak above a whisper, and betraying in every look and word the positive agony which filled their hearts when a stranger approached them. It was this excessive shyness in the company of those who were unfamiliar to them which was the most marked characteristic of the sisters. The weakness was as much physical as moral; and those who suppose that it

was accompanied by any morbid depression of spirits, or any lack of vigour and liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed, entirely mistake their true character. Unhappily, first impressions are always strongest, and running through the whole of Mrs. Gaskell's story, may be seen the impression produced at her first meeting with Charlotte Brontë by her nervous shrinking and awkwardness in the midst of unknown faces.

It was not thus with those who, brought into the closest of all fellowship with her, the fellowship of school society, knew the secrets of her heart far better than did any who became acquainted with her in after life. To such the real Charlotte Brontë, who knew no timidity in their presence, was a bold, clever, outspoken and impulsive girl; ready to laugh with the merriest, and not even indisposed to join in practical jokes with the rest of her schoolfellows. The picture we get in the *Life* is that of a victim to secret terrors and superstitious fancies. The real Charlotte Brontë, when stories were current as to the presence of a ghost in the upper chambers of the old school-house at Roe-head, did not hesitate to go up to these rooms alone and in the darkness of a winter's night, leaving her companions shivering in terror round the fire downstairs. When she had left school, and began that correspondence with Miss N—— which is the great source of our knowledge, not merely of the course of her life, but of the secrets of her heart, it must not be supposed that she wrote always in that serious spirit which pervades most of the letters quoted by Mrs. Gaskell. On the contrary, those who have access to the letters will find that even some of the passages given in the *Life* are allied to sentences showing that the frame of mind in which they were written was very different from that which it appears to have been. The following letter, written from Haworth in the beginning of 1835, is an example:—

"Well, here I am as completely separated from you as if a hundred, instead of seventeen, miles intervened between us. I can neither hear you nor see you nor feel you. You are

become a mere thought, an unsubstantial impression on the memory, which, however, is happily incapable of erasure. My journey home was rather melancholy, and would have been very much so but for the presence and conversation of my worthy companion. I found him a very intelligent man. He told me the adventures of his sailor's life, his shipwreck and the hurricane he had witnessed in the West Indies, with a much better flow of language than many of far greater pretensions are masters of. I thought he appeared a little dismayed by the wildness of the country round Haworth, and I imagine he has carried back a pretty report of it.

"What do you think of the course politics are taking? I make this inquiry because I now think you have a wholesome interest in the matter; formerly you did not care greatly about it. Baines, you see, is triumphant. Wretch! I am a hearty hater, and if there is any one I thoroughly abhor it is that man. But the Opposition is divided. Red-hots and luke-warms; and the Duke (par excellence *the Duke*) and Sir Robert Peel show no signs of insecurity, although they have been twice beat. So 'courage, mon amie!' Heaven defend the right! as the old cavaliers used to say before they joined battle. Now, Ellen, laugh heartily at all thatrodomontade. But you have brought it on yourself. Don't you remember telling me to write such letters to you as I wrote to Mary? There's a specimen! Hereafter should follow a long disquisition on books; but I'll spare you that."

Those who turn to Mrs. Gaskell's *Life* will find one of the sentences in this letter quoted, but without the burst of laughter over "all thatrodomontade" at the end which shows that Charlotte's interest in politics was not unmingled with the happy levity of youth. Still more striking as an illustration of her true character, with its infinite variety of moods, its sudden transitions from grave to gay, is the letter I now quote:—

"Last Saturday afternoon, being in one of my sentimental humours, I sat down and wrote to you such a note as I ought to have written to none but M——, who is nearly as mad as myself; to-day, when I glanced it over, it occurred to me that Ellen's calm eye would look at this with scorn, so I determined to concoct some production more fit for the inspection of common sense. I will not tell you all I think and feel about you, Ellen. I will preserve unbroken that reserve which alone enables me to maintain a decent character for judgment; but for that I should long ago have been set down by all who know me as a Frenchified fool. You have been very kind to me of late, and gentle; and you have spared me those little sallies of ridicule which, owing to my miserable and wretched touchiness

of character used formerly to make me wince as if I had been touched with a hot iron; things that nobody else cares for enter into my mind and rattle there like venom. I know these feelings are absurd, and therefore I try to hide them; but they only sting the deeper for concealment, and I'm an idiot! Ellen, I wish I could live with you always, I begin to cling to you more fondly than ever I did. If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness."

Mrs. Gaskell has made a very partial and imperfect use of this letter by quoting merely from the words "You have been very kind to me of late," down to "they only sting the deeper for concealment." Thus it will be seen that an importance is given to an evanescent mood which it was far from meriting, and that lighter side to Charlotte's character which was prominent enough to her nearest and dearest friends is entirely concealed from the outer world. Again, I say, we must not blame Mrs. Gaskell. Such sentences as those which she omitted from the letter I have just given are not only entirely inconsistent with that ideal portrait of *Currer Bell* which the world had formed for itself out of the bare materials in existence during the author's lifetime; but are also utterly at variance with Mrs. Gaskell's personal conception of Charlotte Brontë's character, founded upon her brief acquaintance with her during her years of loneliness and fame.

The quick transitions which marked her moods in converse with her friends may be traced all through her letters to Miss N——. The quotations I have already made show how suddenly on the same page she passes from gaiety to sadness; and so her letters, dealing as they do with an endless variety of topics, reflect only the mood of the writer at the moment that she penned them, and it is only by reading and studying the whole, not by selecting those which reflect a particular phase of her character, that we can complete the portrait we would fain produce.

Here are some extracts from letters which are not to be found in the *Life*, and which illustrate what I have said. They were all written between the beginning of 1832 and the end of 1835:—

"Tell M—— I hope she will derive benefit

from the perusal of Cobbett's lucubrations; but I beg she will on no account burden her memory with passages to be repeated for my edification, lest I should not fully appreciate either her kindness or their merit; since that worthy personage and his principles, whether private or political, are no great favourites of mine."

"I am really very much obliged to you," she writes in September, 1832, "for your well-filled and *very* interesting letter. It forms a striking contrast to my brief meagre epistles; but I know you will excuse the utter dearth of news visible in them when you consider the situation in which I am placed, quite out of the reach of all intelligence except what I obtain through the medium of the newspapers, and I believe you would not find much to interest you in a political discussion, or a summary of the accidents of the week. . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that Miss — has turned out to be so different from what you thought her; but, my dearest Ellen, you must never expect perfection in this world; and I know your naturally confiding and affectionate disposition has led you to imagine that Miss — was almost faultless. . . . I think, dearest Ellen, our friendship is destined to form an exception to the general rule regarding school friendships. At least I know that absence has not in the least abated the sisterly affection which I feel towards you."

"Your last letter revealed a state of mind which promised much. As I read it, I could not help wishing that my own feelings more nearly resembled yours; but unhappily all the good thoughts that enter *my* mind evaporate almost before I have had time to ascertain their existence. Every right resolution which I form is so transient, so fragile, and so easily broken, that I sometimes fear I shall never be what I ought."

"I write a hasty line to assure you we shall be happy to see you on the day you mention. As you are now acquainted with the neighbourhood and its total want of society, and with our plain, monotonous mode of life, I do not fear so much as I used to do, that you will be disappointed with the dulness and sameness of your visit. One thing however will make the daily routine more unvaried than ever. Branwell, who used to enliven us, is to leave us in a few days, and enter the situation of a private tutor in the neighbourhood of U—. How he will like to settle remains yet to be seen. At present he is full of hope and resolution. I, who know his variable nature and his strong turn for active life, dare not be too sanguine. We are as busy as possible in preparing for his departure, and shirt-making and collar-stitching fully occupy our time."

"April, 1835.

"The election! the election! that cry has rung even among our lonely hills like the blast of a trumpet. How has it been round

the populous neighbourhood of B—? Under what banner have your brothers ranged themselves? The Blue or the Yellow? Use your influence with them; entreat them, if it be necessary on your knees, to stand by their country and religion in this day of danger! Stuart Wortley, the son of the most patriotic patrician Yorkshire owns, must be elected the representative of his native province. Lord Morpeth was at Haworth last week, and I saw him. My opinion of his lordship is recorded in a letter I wrote yesterday to Mary. It is not worth writing over again, so I will not trouble you with it here."

Even these brief extracts will show that Charlotte Brontë's life at this time was not a morbid one. These years between 1832 and 1835 must be counted among the happiest of her life—of all the lives of the little household at Haworth, in fact. The young people were accustomed to their father's coldness and eccentricity, and to their aunt's dainty distaste for all Northern customs and Northern people, themselves included. Shy they were and peculiar, alike in their modes of life and their modes of thought; but there was a wholesome, healthy happiness about all of them that gave promise of peaceful lives hereafter. Some literary efforts of a humble kind brightened their hopes at this time. Charlotte had written some juvenile poems (not now worth reprinting), and she sought the opinion of Southey upon them. The poet laureate gave her a kindly and considerate answer, which did not encourage her to persevere in these efforts; nor was an attempt by Branwell to secure the patronage of Wordsworth for some productions of his own more successful. Had anybody ventured into the wilds of Haworth parish at this new year of 1835, and made acquaintance with the parson's family, it is easy to say upon whom the attention of the stranger would have been riveted. Branwell Brontë, of whom casual mention is made in one of the foregoing letters, was the hope and pride of the little household. All who knew him at this time bear testimony to his remarkable talents, his striking graces. Small in stature like Charlotte herself, he was endowed with a rare personal beauty. But it was in his intellectual gifts that his chief charm was found. Even his father's dull parishioners recognized the fire of genius

in the lad ; and any one who cares to go to Haworth now and inquire into the story of the Brontës, will find that the most vivid reminiscences, the fondest memories of the older people in the village, centre in this hapless youth. Ambitious and clever, he seemed destined to play a considerable part in the world. His conversational powers were remarkable ; he gave promise of more than ordinary ability as an artist, and he had even as a boy written verses of no common power. Among other accomplishments, more curious than useful, of which he could boast, was the ability to write two letters simultaneously. It is but a small trait in the history of this remarkable family, yet it deserves to be noticed, that its least successful member excelled Napoleon himself in one respect. The great conqueror could dictate half-a-dozen letters concurrently to his secretaries. Branwell Brontë could do more than this. With a pen in each hand, he could write two different letters at the same moment.

Charlotte was Branwell's senior by one year. In 1835, when in her nineteenth year, she was by no means the unattractive person she has been represented as being. There is a little caricature sketched by herself lying before me as I write. In it all the more awkward of her physical points are ingeniously exaggerated. The prominent forehead bulges out in an aggressive manner, suggestive of hydrocephalus, the nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and the mouth are made unnecessarily large ; whilst the little figure is clumsy and ungainly. But though she could never pretend to beauty, she had redeeming features, her eyes, hair, and massive forehead all being attractive points. Emily, who was two years her junior, had, like Charlotte, a bad complexion ; but she was tall and well-formed, whilst her eyes were of remarkable beauty. All through her life her temperament was more than merely peculiar. She inherited not a little of her father's eccentricity, untempered by her father's *savoir faire*. Her aversion to strangers has been already mentioned. When the curates, who formed the only society of Haworth, found their way to the parsonage, she avoided them as though

they had brought the pestilence in their train ; on the rare occasions when she went out into the world she would sit absolutely silent in the company of those who were unfamiliar to her. So intense was this reserve that even in her own family, where alone she was at ease, something like dread was mingled with the affection felt towards her. On one occasion, whilst Charlotte's friend was visiting the parsonage, Charlotte herself was unable through illness to take any walks with her. To the amazement of the household Emily volunteered to accompany Miss N—— on a ramble over the moors. They set off together, and the girl threw aside her reserve and talked with a freedom and vigour which gave evidence of the real strength of her character. Her companion was charmed with her intelligence and geniality. But on returning to the parsonage Charlotte was found awaiting them, and as soon as she had a chance of doing so she anxiously put to Miss N—— the question, "How did Emily behave herself?" It was the first time she had ever been known to invite the company of anyone outside the narrow limits of the family circle. Her chief delight was to roam on the moors, followed by her dogs, to whom she would whistle in masculine fashion. Her heart indeed was given to these dumb creatures of the earth. She never forgave those who ill-treated them, nor trusted those whom they disliked. One is reminded of Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* by some traits of Emily Brontë :

"If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly ;"

and, like the lady of the poem, her tenderness and charity could reach even

"— the poor banished insects, whose
intent,

Although they did ill, was innocent."

One instance of her remarkable personal courage is related in *Shirley*, where she herself is sketched under the character of the heroine. It is her adventure with the mad dog which bit her at the door of the parsonage kitchen whilst she was offering it water. The brave girl took an iron from the fire where it chanced to be heating, and immediately cauterized the wound

on her arm, making a broad, deep scar, which was there until the day of her death. Not until many weeks after did she tell her sisters what had happened. Passionately fond of her home among the hills, and of the rough Yorkshire people among whom she had been reared, she sickened and pined away when absent from Haworth. A strange untamed and untamable character was hers; and none but her two sisters ever seem to have appreciated her remarkable merits, or to have recognized the fine though immature genius which shows itself in every line of the weird story of *Wuthering Heights*.

Anne, the youngest of the family, had beauty in addition to her other gifts. Intellectually she was greatly inferior to her sisters; but her mildness and sweetness of temperament won the affections of many who were repelled by the harsher exteriors of Charlotte and Emily.

This was the family which lived happily and quietly among the hills during those years when life with its vicissitudes still lay in the distance. Gay their existence could not be called; but their letters show that it was unquestionably peaceful, happy, and wholesome.

V.

Moved by the hope of lightening the family expenses and enabling Branwell to get a thorough artistic training at the Royal Academy, Charlotte resolved to go out as a governess. Her first "place" was at her old school at Roehead, where she was with her friend Miss Wooler, and where she was also very near the home of her confidante, Miss N——. Emily went with her for a time; but she soon sickened and pined for the moors, and after a trial of but a few months she returned to Haworth. A great deal of sympathy has been bestowed upon the Brontës in connection with their days as governesses; nor am I prepared to say that this sympathy is wholly misplaced. Their reserve, their affection for each other, their ignorance of the world, combined to make "the cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses"—to use Charlotte's own phrase—particularly distasteful to them. But it is a mistake to suppose that they were treated with harshness during

their governess life, or that Charlotte, at least, felt her trials at all unbearable. It was decidedly unpleasant to sacrifice the independence and the family companionship of Haworth for drudgery and loneliness in the household of a stranger; but it was a duty, and as such it was accepted without repining by two, at least, of the sisters. Emily's peculiar temperament made her quite unfitted for life among strangers; she made many attempts to overcome her reserve, but all were unavailing; and after a brief experience in one or two families in different parts of Yorkshire, she returned to Haworth to reside there permanently as her father's housekeeper. There is no need to dwell upon this episode in the lives of the Brontës. They were living among unfamiliar faces, and had little temptation to display themselves in their true characters, but extracts from a few of Charlotte's letters to her friends will show something of the course of her thought at this time. With the exception of a detached sentence or two these letters will be quite new to the readers of *Mrs. Gaskell's Life* :—

"I have been waiting for an opportunity of sending a letter to you as you wished; but as no such opportunity offers itself, I have at length determined to write to you by post, fearing that if I delayed any longer you would attribute my tardiness to indifference. I can scarcely realize the distance that lies between us, or the length of time which may elapse before we meet again. Now, Ellen, I have no news to tell you, no changes to communicate. My life since I saw you last has passed away as monotonously and unvaryingly as ever—nothing but teach—teach—teach, from morning till night. The greatest variety I ever have is afforded by a letter from you, a call from the T——'s, or by meeting with a pleasant new book. The *Life of Oberlin* and *Legh Richmond's Domestic Portraiture*, are the last of this description I have perused. The latter work strongly attracted and strangely fascinated my attention. Beg, borrow, or steal it without delay; and read the *Memoir of Richmond*. That short record of a brief and uneventful life I shall never forget. It is beautiful, not on account of the language in which it is written, not on account of the incidents it details, but because of the simple narration it gives of the life and death of a young, talented, sincere Christian. Get the book, Ellen (I wish I had it to give you), read it, and tell me what you think of it. Yesterday I heard that you had been ill since you were in London. I hope you are better now. Are you any happier than you were? Try to

reconcile your mind to circumstances, and exert the quiet fortitude of which I know you are not destitute. Your absence leaves a sort of vacancy in my feelings which nothing has as yet offered of sufficient interest to supply. I do not forget ten o'clock. I remember it every night, and if a sincere petition for your welfare will do you any good you will be benefited. I know the Bible says; 'The prayer of the righteous availeth much,' and I am *not* righteous. Nevertheless I believe God despises no application that is uttered in sincerity. My own dear E— good-bye. I can write no more, for I am called to a less pleasant avocation."

"DEWSBURY MOOR, Oct. 2, 1836.

"I should have written to you a week ago, but my time has of late been so wholly taken up that till now I have really not had an opportunity of answering your last letter. I assure you I feel the kindness of so early a reply to my tardy correspondence. It gave me a sting of self-reproach. . . . My sister Emily is gone into a situation as teacher in a large school of near forty pupils near Halifax. I have had one letter from her since her departure. It gives an appalling account of her duties. Hard labour from six in the morning till near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she will never stand it. It gives me sincere pleasure, my dear Ellen, to learn that you have at last found a few associates of congenial minds. I cannot conceive a life more dreary than that passed amidst sights, sounds, and companions all alien to the nature within us. From the tenor of your letters it seems that your mind remains fixed as it ever was, in no wise dazzled by novelty or warped by evil example. I am thankful for it. I could not help smiling at the paragraphs which related to—. There was in them a touch of the genuine unworldly simplicity which forms part of your character. Ellen, depend upon it, all people have their dark side. Though some possess the power of throwing a fair veil over the defects, close acquaintance slowly removes the screen, and one by one the blots appear; till at last we see the pattern of perfection all slurred over with stains which even affection cannot efface."

The affectionate commendations of her friend are constantly accompanied by references of a very different character to herself.

"If I like people," she says in one of her letters, "it is my nature to tell them so, and I am not afraid of offering incense to your vanity. It is from religion that you derive your chief charm, and may its influence always preserve you as pure, as unassuming, and as benevolent in thought and deed as you are now. What am I compared to you? I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I'm a very coarse, commonplace wretch! I have some qualities that make

me very miserable, some feelings that you can have no participation in—that few, very few people in the world can at all understand. I don't pride myself on these peculiarities. I strive to conceal and suppress them as much as I can, but they burst out sometimes, and then those who see the explosion despise me, and I hate myself for days afterwards."

"All my notes to you, Ellen, are written in a hurry. I am now snatching an opportunity. Mr. J— is here; by his means it will be transmitted to Miss E—, by her means to X—, by his means to you. I do not blame you for not coming to see me. I am sure you have been prevented by sufficient reasons; but I do long to see you, and I hope I shall be gratified momentarily, at least, ere long. Next Friday, if all be well, I shall go to G—. On Sunday I hope I shall at least catch a glimpse of you. Week after week I have lived on the expectation of your coming. Week after week I have been disappointed. I have not regretted what I said in my last note to you. The confession was wrung from me by sympathy and kindness, such as I can never be sufficiently thankful for. I feel in a strange state of mind; still gloomy, but not despairing. I keep trying to do right, checking wrong feelings, repressing wrong thoughts—but still—every instant I find myself going astray. I have a constant tendency to scorn people who are far better than I am. A horror at the idea of becoming one of a certain set—a dread lest if I made the slightest profession I should sink at once into Phariseism, merge wholly in the ranks of the self-righteous. In writing at this moment I feel an irksome disgust at the idea of using a single phrase that sounds like religious cant. I abhor myself; I despise myself. If the doctrine of Calvin be true, I am already an outcast. You cannot imagine how hard, rebellious, and intractable all my feelings are. When I begin to study on the subject I almost grow blasphemous, atheistical in my sentiments. Don't desert me—don't be horrified at me. You know what I am. I wish I could see you, my darling. I have lavished the warmest affections of a very hot, tenacious heart upon you. If you grow cold it is over."

Here it will be seen that the religious struggle was renewed. The woman who was afterwards to be accused of "heathenism" was going through tortures such as Cowper knew in his darkest hours, and, like him, was acquiring faith, humility, and resignation in the midst of the conflict. But such letters as this are only episodic; in general she writes cheerfully, sometimes even merrily.

What would the *Quarterly Reviewer* and the other charitable people, who openly declared their conviction that the author of *Jane Eyre* was an improper person, who

had written an improper book, have said had they been told that she had written the following letter on the subject of her first offer of marriage—written it, too, at the time when she was a governess, and in spite of the fact that the offer opened up to her a way of escape from all anxiety as to her future life?

"You ask me whether I have received a letter from T—. I have about a week since. The contents I confess did a little surprise me; but I kept them to myself, and unless you had questioned me on the subject I would never have adverted to it. T— says he is comfortably settled at —, and that his health is much improved. He then intimates that in due time he will want a wife, and frankly asks me to be that wife. Altogether the letter is written without cant or flattery, and in a common-sense style which does credit to his judgment. Now there were in this proposal some things that might have proved a strong temptation. I thought if I were to marry so — could live with me, and how happy I should be. But again I asked myself two questions:—Do I love T— as much as a woman ought to love her husband? Am I the person best qualified to make him happy? Alas! my conscience answered 'no' to both these questions. I felt that though I esteemed T—, though I had a kindly leaning towards him, because he is an amiable, well-disposed man, yet I had not and never could have that intense attachment which would make me willing to die for him—and if ever I marry it must be in that light of adoration that I will regard my husband. Ten to one I shall never have the chance again; but *n'importe*. Moreover I was aware he knew so little of me he could hardly be conscious to whom he was writing. Why it would startle him to see me in my natural home character. He would think I was a wild, romantic enthusiast indeed. I could not sit all day long making a grave face before my husband. I would laugh and satirize, and say whatever came into my head first; and if he were a clever man and loved me, the whole world weighed in the balance against his smallest wish would be light as air. Could I, knowing my mind to be such as that, conscientiously say that I would take a grave, quiet young man like T—? No; it would have been deceiving him, and deception of that sort is beneath me. So I wrote a long letter back in which I expressed my refusal as gently as I could, and also candidly avowed my reasons for that refusal. I described to him, too, the sort of character I thought would suit him for a wife."

The girl who could thus calmly decline a more than merely "eligible" offer, and

thus honestly state her reasons for doing so to the friend she trusted, was strangely different from the author of *Jane Eyre* pictured by the critics and the public. Perhaps the full cost of the refusal related in the foregoing letter is only made clear when it is brought into contrast with such a confession as the following, made very soon afterwards:—

"I am miserable when I allow myself to dwell on the necessity of spending my life as a governess. The chief requisite for that station seems to me to be the power of taking things easily when they come, and of making oneself comfortable and at home wherever one may chance to be—qualities in which all our family are singularly deficient. I know I cannot live with a person like Mrs. —; but I hope all women are not like her, and my motto is 'Try again.'"

From one of her situations as governess in a private family (she had long since left the kind shelter of Miss Wooler's house) she writes in 1841 a series of letters showing how little she relished the "cup of life as it is mixed for the class termed governesses."

"It is twelve o'clock at night; but I must just write you a word before I go to bed. If you think I'm going to refuse your invitation, or if you sent it me with that idea, you're mistaken. As soon as I had read your shabby little note, I gathered up my spirits directly, walked on the impulse of the moment into Mrs. —'s presence, popped the question, and for two minutes received no answer. 'Will she refuse me when I work so hard for her?' thought I. 'Ye—e—ea,' drawled madam in a reluctant, cold tone. 'Thank you, madam!' said I with extreme cordiality, and was marching from the room when she recalled me with 'You'd better go on Saturday afternoon then, when the children have holiday, and if you return in time for them to have all their lessons on Monday morning, I don't see that much will be lost.' You are a genuine Turk, thought I; but again I assented, and so the bargain was struck. Saturday after next, then, is the day appointed. I'll come, God knows, with a thankful and joyful heart, glad of a day's reprieve from labour. If you don't send the gig I'll walk. I am coming to taste the pleasure of liberty; a bit of pleasant congenial talk, and a sight of two or three faces I like. God bless you! I want to see you again. Huzza for Saturday afternoon after next! Good night, my lass!"

T. WENTSS REID.

To be continued.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FAREWELL ! FAREWELL !"

PERHAPS she did not quite know how it had all come about ; how, in the midst of the trivialities of ordinary life, and the distractions of a holiday-trip, this tragic doom had overtaken her with swift, inevitable strides ; but, captive as she was, and not a little bewildered by that sore aching of the heart, she nerved herself at this moment to act and think with promptitude and decision. And indeed, although there was much of impulsive romanticism in the girl, there was a good deal of plain, common sense, too ; and she had a keen sense of honour. When, in that breathless, wild way, she determined to free those who were dearest to her—and especially him whom she regarded with all the generous, self-sacrificing ardour of a girl's first love—from the pain and unrest of which she knew she was the cause, the idea of suicide did not even occur to her. Her quick pride would have instantly rejected what she held to be mean and cowardly. But how otherwise was she to accomplish that which she had now set her heart upon ?

One evening, in former and happier days, James Drummond had amused his small domestic circle with a description of a strange land. It was a land distant and unnamed, far across the seas, to which had fled all those people who have mysteriously disappeared from among us—absconding merchants who have left their coats and hats on the bank of a river ; young men entangled in a love-affair who have gone up a Welsh mountain and apparently never come down again ; people supposed to have perished by shipwreck ; married soldiers who have taken the opportunity of a great battle to escape from conjugal

squabbles ; and so forth, and so forth. In his idle, fanciful, desultory way, Mr. Drummond went on to describe this mysterious land, this earthly paradise where the debtor walked about free from his debts ; where the young man no longer feared an action for breach of promise ; where the "missing" soldier found peace at last. It was but a passing plaything ; probably next day he could not have told that he had ever mentioned such a subject. But there was one present on that evening who put a higher value on Mr. Drummond's fancies and speculations than he did himself. Idle words sank deep into her heart ; for they were the utterances of the man she loved.

And now it occurred to Violet North that she could do no better than go away to this unknown land across the seas ; and when her friends had got over the temporary pain of believing her to have been drowned, they would soon forget ; and he whom she most considered would regain that old bright cheerfulness of disposition that she remembered in the bygone time. What could be more simple ? And yet she did not sleep much that night.

Early in the morning she arose, and dressed herself noiselessly. For a brief instant she had gone to the window, and she shuddered as she looked out on the gloom of the sleeping world. For the sea lay like a lake of ink all round the dark green shores ; and the mountains of Mull were of a sombre purple akin to black ; and the distant sky was dark with low and threatening swatches of cloud. Overhead, it is true, the heavy greys of the dawn were mottled here and there with tinges of crimson ; but it was an angry and ominous conjunction ; and she shivered as she turned away.

She stole quietly into the small chamber where Amy Warrener lay

asleep, and she but half awoke her girl-companion and friend.

"Are you going for a bathe, Violet?" said she, noticing the bag that the other had in her hand.

"I came in to say you had better not come with me this morning, Amy," said she, in a calm voice. "It is gloomy and cold; and I think it will rain."

"Then why do you go?"

"I must go," was the answer. "I have been out of sorts lately; I want something to waken me up. Now go to sleep, Amy."

For a second she stood irresolute. She would have given worlds to have touched her friend's hand, to have kissed her, and said good-bye, as a token of her farewell to all the household; but she did not dare to do that. She closed the door gently behind her; and went down stairs. In another minute she was outside.

And now far more awful than the gloom that lay over land and sea—over the dark mountains, and the woods, and the sullen waters that lapped along the desolate shore—was the silence of this dead world. Not a bird seemed to be stirring yet. The silence was absolute but for the whispering of the cold grey leaves of some willow-bushes that the wind of the morning stirred.

With her heart beating quick, she walked down the slope and along the valley towards the sea. She had no sense of injury to sustain her in what she was doing. If she had suffered any wrong at the hands of those whom she was leaving for ever, her pride would have come to her rescue. Wrong? She turned at the foot of the valley, and looked back to the small white cottage on the hill that held all that she cared for upon earth; but her eyes could not see much, for she was crying bitterly. And all that was in her heart then was a prayer that the peace of heaven might descend and rest upon that household; and that her well-beloved might never know with what an agony of grief she was now bidding him and his a last good-bye.

Then she turned again, and made her

way towards the sea. And, as she was but dimly aware—for her mind was full of desolation—across the gloomy picture of the dawn the stealthy fingers of the rain began to creep, coldly and silently removing mountain after mountain, and leaving in their place a cloud of dismal grey. A chilling wind came blowing in from the sea; a cold, stinging drop or two of rain touched her face; the islands out there began to grow misty and remote; and then a slow, fine drizzle began to make the ferns by the roadside droop and the grass and weeds wetter than ever. She walked on blindly; perhaps it was the cold that made her seem to shiver from time to time.

At length she got down to a part of the coast where a bold and rocky promontory, partly covered by trees, went out into the sea, sheltering from the violence of the waves a small bay of fine sand. At the corner, where the sand met the black rocks, stood a small bathing-machine. There was not a human being to be descried anywhere at this early hour of the morning.

She went along the seaward edge of the rocks, and sat down, completely hidden from view by the trees. She took off her hat; and put on instead a bonnet to which was attached a thick veil. Then she sat motionless, thinking.

Of what did she think then—if that could be called thinking that was but a wild, bewildered groping in the blackness of despair? Of the days long ago, when the wild school-girl was full of an audacious life and gaiety; or of the quiet and pleasant evenings that she used to spend in that simple, beautiful, unworldly household, where all good and noble things were revered, and the mean and base had no existence; or of the dawning of that wonderful hope that for a brief time had added a strange glow and colour to her life? If she saw these beautiful pictures, it was as through a darkened glass. Her mind was overshadowed. She was almost as one that was dead.

Some mechanical instinct made her

think of the time. She looked at her watch. The great steamer, coming down from the Hebrides, and bound for Glasgow by way of the Mull, was due in an hour; and she had nearly three miles to walk to the pier. She rose.

Her funeral service was simple. She merely placed the small bag she carried on the rocks, close to the edge—so that they might imagine she dropped it there when she slipped and fell over—and then she threw her hat into the sea. She watched it float; the dark current was running strong; would they seek for her body far over there by the gloomy shores of Lismore and Morven?

She pulled the thick veil down over her face; and then she set out to walk to the quay—in the slow drizzle of the rain. She had now assumed a more courageous gait; she was resolved to bear herself bravely, now that she had to face the world for herself; in a pathetic, bewildered way she even tried to look at the merry side of the whole business, and wondered what the people in the steamer would say if they knew they had a dead woman on board. To aid this enforcement of courage, she tried to hum a cheerful air; but she quite broke down in that; for right in the middle of it she happened to catch a glimpse of that white cottage, far up the valley, in the midst of the greys and greens of the hills; and the merry song ended in a choking sensation of the throat. She turned away her head, and would look no more in that direction.

There was a great deal of bustle about the pier, for the big steamer from the north was just coming in, and there were cattle and goods to be landed. In the general confusion she would easily have escaped recognition, even if any of the people about had happened to know her; but in any case she only remained a minute or two on the quay, for as soon as the *Clansman* came in, she went on board, and got below, where she remained during the whole time the steamer was unloading and loading again. She was quite alone in the large cabin; few people coming from the

north care to go round the Mull of Cantyre when they have the option of cutting through the Crinan Canal. She sat in a corner of the cabin, in the twilight, closely veiled; and it was not until she felt the vessel begin to throb with the action of the screw that she ventured up on deck. The *Clansman* was just putting off from the pier.

Was there not time to undo what she had done? As the steamer backed, she saw that she could easily spring on to the edge of the quay; and for a second she found herself almost driven to this leap, the despair of her isolation getting the mastery over her. But she held on firmly to an iron railing beside her. In another second the *Clansman* had got clear away from the pier, and was churning her way out to sea.

That dreadful morning seemed to consist of years. Was it not years since—in the half-forgotten long-ago—that she had looked up with a vague terror to the mottled grey and crimson of the sky, and shuddered at the awful silence of the world? How long ago was it she had sat on the rocks, and pictured to herself her friends coming down to seek for her, and finding her bag close to the edge of the precipice, where, as they would imagine, she had dropped it as she stumbled and fell into the depths below? Then the sad, despairing walk along the wet ways, in the silence of the morning. Now she was surrounded by the noise of many people talking in a strange tongue; and it all seemed a wild dream to her. She was not crying now. She was thinking, in a dull and confused way, of all manner of ordinary things—of the indifference of these poor Highland people to the rain; of the cattle on board; of the discomfort of travelling at night by rail from Greenock to London; of the two 5*l.* notes and the two sovereigns she had in her purse. The people about her were very busy with their own affairs, or they might have wondered why this tall girl, wrapped up in her waterproof and veil, stood there as motionless as a statue, gazing blankly at the coast they were leaving behind.

But by and by she became strangely agitated ; for as the steamer got further away from the land, she came in view of the valley at the head of which stood Castle Bandbox, and she ought to have been able to get a glimpse of the white cottage on the hill, but she could not, for it was hidden behind the grey mists of the rain. And then it seemed to her that now at last her only friends were lost to her for ever and ever ; and still her heart-strings clung to that wild shore and the misty valley until she thought they would break. The bitter agony of parting from all that she cared to know and see seemed worse to her than death itself ; she would have welcomed with a glad joy a real death rather than the living death which now lay before her in her way through the world.

"Far away—in the beautiful meadows—is the house of my home—Many a time I went out from it into the valley—O my beautiful, still valley, I greet you a thousand times—Farewell, farewell!"

The echoes came to her from out of the half-forgotten past ; they spoke of a time when such temporary partings were the sweetest pleasure compared to the bitterness she was now enduring. How yearningly the girl's heart clung to that fast-receding land ! The world around her seemed to know she was leaving home, friends, and the one beautiful glad hope that for a time had brightened her life ; and that she was leaving them for ever. Far over there, the long lines of hills seemed themselves clouded over with the darkness of grief ; and the grey mists were weeping remote and in silence ; and the very winds of heaven, blowing coldly about her, had but that one sad refrain—*"Farewell ! Farewell !"* Then the coast disappeared altogether behind the mists of the rain ; and she turned to the restless grey-green sea that was rushing by—the sea that in a short while her friends would be regarding as her nameless grave ; and in her heart she prayed to God that as soon as may be the burden of life might be taken from her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN LONDON.

DAMP and windy as was Euston Station on this wet and mild September morning, it was nevertheless a welcome relief from the close carriage in which she had slept but little during the night. She was glad to breathe the fresher air. She looked around with some surprise—for town sights were as yet unfamiliar to her—as she walked along towards the gate.

"Cab, miss ?"

She wondered what a dead woman could want with a cab ; and passed on.

But she was not blindly and heedlessly walking alone into the world of London. All the long night she had pondered over what she should do ; and her high courage stood her in good stead. So far as might be, she had laid down shrewd, practical plans. She knew very well, for example, that with 9l. 10s. in her pocket, it was impossible for her to set out for that distant transatlantic region, where the mysteriously dead come to life again ; she would have to remain in London, and support herself, and save money for the long voyage. Before getting a situation she would have to get lodgings ; before looking about for proper lodgings, she would have to go to a hotel ; before going to a hotel, she would have to provide herself with some luggage, for the sake of appearances. It was well that she had all these things to think about, just at this time.

A curious fancy took possession of her that she would like to have a look at her former home ; and there was little risk in doing so, for she was deeply veiled, and besides it was the family breakfast hour.

"They don't know yet I am dead," she said to herself, "or I might appear at the window and give Anatolia a fright."

She was turning the corner of the railings when she was nearly knocked down by a tall white-bearded man who was pushing by in a great hurry. He

just avoided a collision; muttered "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon," and hastened on without noticing her.

But she had caught one swift glimpse of this man's face, and that was full of anxious pain.

She looked after him with a secret fear. Had he just got a telegram, then? Was he about to start for Scotland by the day-mail? Or had he just got a letter describing the unavailing search along the shore for the body of his daughter; and was he about to telegraph a reply? The bewilderment of trouble in her father's face touched her deeply, and she would fain have rushed after him, and confessed; but she hardened herself and remained firm.

"I am sorry for you, poor papa," she was thinking to herself, as she stood and looked after the retreating figure, "and for them, too; for you will all be pained for a little while. But in the end it will be better. In a year or two, you will all be happier; and by that time you will have forgotten all that was bad about me; and if you think of me at all, it will be a kindly sort of thinking."

So she walked on, assuring herself that she had done right; though her mind was still filled by the picture of that man hurrying by with a wild grief in his face.

In Tottenham Court Road, she purchased a large and heavy portmanteau, which further crippled her finances, but she reasoned with herself that a light portmanteau would provoke suspicion at the hotel; while, when she set sail for the mysterious region, a formidable portmanteau such as she had bought would come in handy. Having thus equipped herself with luggage, she got a four-wheeled cab, and bade the driver drive to a certain small and semi-private hotel in Great Portland Street. She had been there once with her father to visit some Canadian friends, and had been struck by the smiling and roseate face of the landlady.

The buxom dame, with her ruddy cheeks and her black curls, was standing in the hall when she entered. There

was no great embarrassment about the tall and shapely young lady, who explained that she wanted a room for two or three days until she could provide herself with lodgings; but for a moment she quailed, for the landlady regarded her with a puzzled expression, as if she half-remembered the face. However, as Violet instantaneously recollected, she could not possibly know her name; and indeed the landlady dismissed the effort at recognition, and bade the hall-porter carry the young lady's luggage up to a particular room. The young lady asked if she might have some tea and dry toast sent up to her; her experiences in Canada perhaps accounting for the business-like air which she wore.

When she was quite alone she sat down and began to think. It was very terrible, this sensation of being in a strange house, among strange people, all by herself. If she felt like this already, how would she be able to reach that distant country in which she was to remain hidden for the rest of her life; or was this only the first plunge that affected her so?

A tap at the door made her heart jump; it was only a maidservant with a small tray. Before she went again, the girl said with a sudden impulse—

"Would you ask the landlady if she would kindly step up for a moment?"

The roseate face was a friendly face; the fat woman had regarded this girl with a friendly look of interest. And now—with a womanly seeking for sympathy—she would tell all of her story that needed to be told; and she would ask for advice, which she knew that comfortable-looking dame would not refuse.

Mrs. Roberts came up stairs, a little out of breath. She begged to be excused for taking a chair when she entered the room; Violet besought her to remain seated, as she wished to say something to her. Mrs. Roberts's round black eyes seemed to grow bigger and blacker with surprise when she heard how this beautiful young lady, with her refined ways, and her distinguished

carriage, and fashionable travelling-dress, was suddenly compelled to earn her own living, and was anxious to obtain any employment by which she could fairly support herself. Mrs. Roberts, indeed, was a little puzzled. She could not get over the impression that this young lady was a very superior person; and that to talk of her becoming a governess or lady's maid, or anything of that sort, was on the face of it ludicrous. But when Miss Violet, presuming on the evident interest which the good woman showed, asked her if she had any notion what wages the girls in the telegraph-offices got; then Mrs. Roberts began to believe that she was in earnest, and that one of those catastrophes which too frequently bring down superior persons to the most absolute poverty, had thrown this distinguished-looking young lady in a measure under her protection. The curious thing was, that she, as a landlady, and having the instincts and experiences of a landlady, never suspected Miss Violet North of being a professional swindler. All the outward circumstances of the case suggested that conclusion, and it may be said that of the various employments mentioned by Miss North there was none for which nature had so thoroughly fitted her as that of professional swindling; for she had a face and manner that instantly inspired confidence. This Mrs. Roberts, for example, looked at the girl's eyes, and heard her voice; and she was satisfied. She would have left her in charge of all the silver in the house.

Perhaps it may be said that if she had possessed the internal nature of a professional swindler, she would have lost this candour, and sweetness, and innocence which externally inspired confidence. But this is a dangerous theory. I remember Mr. Drummond giving us a long lecture one evening after dinner, when the ladies had left, about a photograph some one showed him of a notorious woman who was then being talked of all over England. The puzzle was how this woman had the simple innocence and sweetness of a girl

of sixteen written in every lineament of her face, and shining in the amiability of her eyes. He declared it was no puzzle at all. He insisted that there were human beings so utterly lacking the moral sense that in the worst depths of wickedness they preserved the innocence of ignorance. They were not depraved; they never had anything to deprave. This girl, he declared, as she sat down before the photographer, knowing that her portrait would be exhibited in every stationer's window, had no more sense of shame than a beast of the field. Look at the sparrow, said he, that does not think it mean or contemptible to filch from another sparrow a piece of bread lawfully the property of the latter; are there not women who have as simple a disregard for the other commandments as the sparrow has for the eighth? But this is getting too far afield; and we must return to the buxom landlady and her new *protégée*.

"Well, Miss——"

"Main," said Violet, at a venture.

"Miss Main, if you really do want some employment of that kind, I shall be glad to do what I can to help you; though it is not easy now-a-days, for all the young girls are too proud to become housemaids—they must educate themselves, and give themselves airs, and become assistants, and clerks, and showwomen in shops. My brother-in-law advertised not long ago for a young lady——. By the way, I should not wonder if he knew of something that would suit you. He is a photographer in Regent Street. If you like I will walk down with you to his place, by and by, when I have got affairs in order."

"I am sure it is very kind of you," said the girl—and indeed this sudden stumbling on a good-natured woman made the world seem better and brighter. "Whenever you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be ready. In the meantime, I think I will lie down; for I am rather tired; I have been travelling all night."

Mrs. Roberts left with a certain pleased sense of dignity and con-

sequence. She was aiding, counselling, patronising one who was distinctly a superior person; for, if this girl had been of any common kind, would she not have eagerly refused to cause so much trouble? Whereas, the young lady accepted her good offices with evident gratitude, it is true, but still with a measure of calmness which showed she had been in the habit of receiving attention. What a fine thing it is to have dark and tender eyes, a proud, sweet mouth, and the ingenuous blush and smile of twenty. If Violet North had been less bountifully gifted by nature, she might have found it less easy to interest people in her favour on the very first day of her entrance into London.

It was nearly one o'clock before these two left the hotel, and by this time the streets had been completely dried up by the bright September sunshine. After the wet morning, crowds of mothers and daughters had come out to do their shopping; Oxford Street and Regent Street were full of animation. And Mrs. Roberts had attired herself somewhat splendidly; and was pleased to walk with this distinguished-looking young lady; and said to her, with a smile—

"Do you know, Miss Main, people would not imagine from your dress that you were inquiring for a situation where you will probably not get more than fourteen shilling a week?"

"As soon as I get work, I will get a dress to suit it," said the girl, meekly.

She was glad to get out of the glare of Regent Street; there was a terrible risk of her running against some of her father's friends. She followed the stout landlady up the gloomy little staircase. Presently they stood in a spacious chamber filled with coloured portraits of all sizes; and here they found one or two people meekly awaiting their fate, while some one was being operated on in the surgery above.

They had to wait a considerable time; for Mr. Roberts was a busy man. When at last he did appear—a tall, grave person, with an untidy dress

and unkempt hair, his hands black with nitrate of silver—he seemed rather to resent the intrusion of his roseate sister-in-law. But he glanced at Violet.

"I have no vacancy," said he, in a quick, raucous voice. "I fancy Dowse has—my next-door neighbour—the furniture-people. I think he wants a young woman—a young lady—to keep the books: you can write a clear hand, of course? Write me a few lines at this table."

Violet was rather flurried by his quick, harsh way of speaking.

"I think I can write very well," said she, "but—but my hand trembles just now—"

"Oh," said he, as the next victim was asked to walk up stairs, "you had better go in and call on Mr. Dowse yourself. Excuse me; this is my busiest time in the day. Good-morning, Sally, good-morning."

The blithe landlady was not discomfited.

"We will go in at once and see Mr. Dowse," said she, with decision.

"I am putting you to a great deal of trouble," said Violet.

"We will talk about that afterwards," she replied.

Everybody has heard of—and a good many husbands know to their cost—the firm of Dowse and Son, the great artists in wall-papering, makers of Gothic furniture, carvers in wood and stone, and workers in metal. They are the high-priests of mediæval forms and colours; they have established a *cultus* in South Kensington; all about Campden Hill their disciples cry aloud against the gilded fripperies of these modern days. Even as you go past the gaudy windows in Regent-street, there is one that attracts you by its mysterious severity; the eye is arrested. For these regenerators of taste have not scrupled to employ the extreme methods of their art even in decorating their own business-premises; you must lay aside recollections of worldly vanity and vulgar comfort even as you enter that narrow and gloomy corridor which is painted a livid Egyptian red. You come to a

narrow door; the under part is of wood, painted a dead sea-green,—the upper part apparently consists of the ends of glass bottles, bars of brass crossing the semi-transparent panes. You enter, and are overawed. There is no trifling, no flippancy, in the stern, unyielding lines, in the massive forms, in the gloomy colours. The oak dado is studded with hand-painted tiles; there is an unpitying stare in the eyes of the falcon, and the leaves of that bit of apple-blossom will last for ever and ever. There is something severer than sadness in the cold grey-green of the wall. Then the broad frieze with its melancholy procession of figures, and its legend in stiff gold letters below: how can those men and women look happy when the firmament above them—that is to say, the roof—is of solid black and green, with splashes of orange leaves instead of stars?

Well, one must be fair to Messrs. Dowse and Son, and their fellow-workers. They have abolished floral carpets; they have banished gilded plaster; they have inspired a love of sound workmanship and honest materials. It is true that their theory of utility being the proper basis of all ornament is not always carried out; for they give us windows that are everything that is beautiful, only they don't let in light; and they give us dining-room sideboards that would shudder if cold meat were put on them instead of blue china; they give us mirrors that only reflect distortions, and place them so that even these can scarcely be seen; they give us quite lovely and remarkable fire-places, the most insignificant feature of which is the fire; and, indeed, when you have your dining-room finally furnished, and you ask some people to dine with you, you find, in looking round the room, that the furniture is everything, and the people nothing at all. But high art is as Schopenhauer in its contempt for the worthless race of man.

Now this Mr. Dowse was a stout, middle-sized, pink-faced, and white-haired man, who had eyes at once

shrewd and genial. In business he was both keen and generous; his money came to him easily, and he spent it lightly; he had already made a large fortune for himself, and he was not at all slow to let the artists and artificers whom he employed share in his prosperity. He was an excellent master; he knew good work and would pay well for it; and he took good care to be paid very well for it in turn. When, having had some conversation with this tall young lady (and being quick to see the artistic value of her graceful figure and dark hair in these premises which he tried to make as like a private house as possible), and when, through some passing shyness, he had turned from her to Mrs. Roberts and quietly asked what salary the young lady required, and when Mrs. Roberts, boldly seizing the occasion, said a guinea a week, he assented at once. If she had said two guineas, he would have assented at once. He was almost carelessly liberal in such matters; partly because he made other people pay for his extravagance. So it was understood that Violet North was to have a week's trial in this Gothic furniture place; and she was given an elaborate illustrated catalogue that she might take home with her and become acquainted with its technical terms.

Then as to lodgings, Mrs. Roberts was good enough to provide her with these also. Miss North, or rather Miss Main, explained that it was necessary for her to save as much as ever she could out of that guinea a week, and that a single small room would be quite enough for her; she would be at work all day, and could dispense with a sitting-room at night.

"I wonder when they shut up that place in the evening?" she said.

Mrs. Roberts did not know; but pointed out that that was not the sort of place to expect late customers.

"Oh, but I hope they will keep open very late," said Miss Main.

"Why?"

"Because I shall have less time to sit by myself after getting home."

"But"—said the landlady, with some

surprise—"have you no friends or acquaintances at all—not a single person to go to see of an evening—"

"Yes," said Miss Main, with a smile, "I will come and see you sometimes if you will let me."

"There is no one else?"

"Not any one. My friends are in Scotland. I suppose there is some stationer's shop about here where they lend you out books?"

The room that the girl eventually rented was in a house in Great Titchfield Street; she said it was absolutely necessary for her to live near Regent Street. And if Mrs. Roberts had happened to follow her *protégée* any morning as she went down to Mr. Dowse's warehouse, she would have observed that Miss Main, always deeply veiled, never walked along Oxford Street and down Regent Street, but invariably went down through the narrow little streets lying behind Regent Street and then got into that thoroughfare close by Mr. Dowse's place.

The week passed; and Mr. Dowse expressed himself quite satisfied. He even hoped that Miss Main found her situation comfortable; and hinted that if there was any alteration in hours, or anything of that sort, which she might prefer, she would have every consideration shown her. Indeed, her duties were not very severe; for every article was numbered and figured and priced in the catalogue, so that she had an unfailing book of reference. She had a pretty little desk all to herself considerably back in the premises; and she could see the ladies and gentlemen who came in to consult Mr. Dowse or his son, and she could hear them talk, herself being unnoticed in the half twilight. On the other hand, Mr. Dowse was glad to get an assistant who, besides being able to write clearly and well, never made any mistakes in the spelling of Italian words and put the proper accents over her French. Both father and son became very friendly with the young lady, and insensibly began to draw her into consultations about the colours of hangings, and so forth, until on some

points her opinion was invariably asked. Once, indeed, Mr. Dowse senior was fairly surprised by some remark she made, and he said to her—

"I must say, Miss Main, that you seem to know a good deal about a great many things."

The girl cast her eyes down.

"I—I once lived with some friends," she said, timidly, "who knew everything, I think; and I used to hear them talk."

"You must have listened to good purpose," said he, in a kindly way.

Well, it was a sufficiently monotonous life that the girl led; but she reflected, with great gratitude, that it might have been much harder to bear. When she grew tired of reading at night in that solitary little room, she used to turn out the gas, and go and sit at the window. She stared out at the pavements, and the few passers-by and the gas-lamps, and the blazing windows of a distant public-house; but she did not see much of these things. A dream used to come before her eyes; and in place of the gaunt buildings opposite, she saw a wonderful and beautiful picture stretching out before her. It was twilight in the magical northern land; a faint glow of saffron and red dying out over the mountains of Mull; a clearer metallic greenish-yellow light all over the north; and the sea around the islands shining in silver-grey. And away down there in the south, over the black island of Kerrara, the new moon hung in the violet-hued heavens, its silver crescent cut in twain by a flake of purple cloud. She could hear the wash of the waves around the shores.

Then she thought of her friends there, especially of him who had been more than any friend to her. It might have been expected that now she had cut herself off for ever from those old friends and old associations, and become surrounded by new persons and new circumstances, the latter would dull the influence of the former over her. No such thing was possible. That unseen influence governed her; it interpenetrated her very nature. Her love for

this man took the form of an idolatrous reverence for all that he had taught her, for all that she had heard him say. More than ever she would have had to confess to herself, as she had confessed in former days, *Thou art my life, my love, my heart; the very eyes of me.* It was through his eyes that she still saw the world around her, however indifferent it had become to her. It used to move her admiration to see how that tall student of men and manners seemed to be interested in everything, and how he was quite content to go anywhere, certain to be amused if not instructed. She could not pretend to this keen, restless curiosity; for the world had grown very tame to her; but her impressions of things were as certainly moulded by his influence over her as if he had been there to speak to her. One night she got tired of sitting and staring out at the empty streets. She re-lit the gas, and took out a small note-book from her pocket. She would try to recollect all the things that he had said to her—those chance reflections which he dropped from time to time in the careless flow of his talk—and this would be the only memento of him she would be able to take with her when she left England for ever. And so the meek Boswell began to put down these lines:—

Did you ever try to extinguish a piece of wood at night, and find at the end but one red spark, a beautiful red eye that came again and again through the black as you struck at it with the poker—without feeling that you were a murderer, and the destroyer of a beautiful secret life?

The only hope of posthumous fame that an ordinary Englishman has, is to live in the memory of his children and other relations. This is a great moral safeguard; it has the most beneficial influence during life.

Everybody is vain; but some people have the faculty of concealing their vanity. On the other hand, ought that to be considered a vice which is a universal, ingrained, inevitable consti-

tuent of human nature? What is the good of protesting that the sky ought to be pink?

The man who considers himself wholly independent of other people—as owing nothing to them that he cannot pay—is a dastardly repudiator of millions of debts of obligation, not one of which has been paid, or could be paid, to the real creditor. All his life long, he has been saying to person after person, "I am much obliged to you;" and if he were anything else than a miserable sneak he would make of these perpetual small obligations a general fund to be drawn upon when occasion offers. The other day a woman said she would be much obliged to me if I bought a box of matches of her. I bought the box of matches. But what is the use of her being obliged to me when I shall never see her again? She ought to pay off the obligation to her husband or to her children.

And so she wrote on; but how cold and formal these things looked wanting the quick variation of tone and the look of the bright, observant eyes! They were but as dead leaves shaken off from the living tree; one could scarcely believe that these poor withered things had ever shone green in the sunlight.

As she turned over page after page, she came to a scrap of printed matter, apparently cut out of a newspaper. It was a paragraph describing a "Sad Occurrence in the Highlands;" and it told how a young lady, daughter of Sir Acton North, the well-known engineer, had been on a visit to some friends in the Highlands, and how, going on a certain morning for her accustomed bathe in the sea, she must have stumbled, fallen down the rocks, and been drowned, her hand-bag having been found at the edge of the rocks, and her hat having been picked up by some fishermen a mile or two further along the coast.

"And not a word in praise of me," she was thinking to herself, as she looked at the well-worn bit of paper.

"Just when you are recently dead, they generally say nice things about you. Here they don't even mention the sweetness of my temper, which even my friends—particularly Lady North—universally acknowledged while I was alive. But perhaps they will publish a memoir of me some day, under the title of *The Meek School-girl; an Example for all Good Young Children.*"

She pushed the book and the bit of paper away; her eyes were tired, and perhaps a trifle sad in spite of all her joking. She leaned her arms on the table, and put down her head on them, and looked as if she slept. That was how she let the spirit escape from its prison-house; London no longer held her at this moment; for she was up at Isle Ornsay, in the clear light of the summer days, with the blue waters around her, and sweet airs blowing over from the hills. That was the beautiful, shining land where life had seemed fair and lovely to her for a brief while; and in this solitude of London, with its hopeless days and lonely evenings, her sick heart yearned back towards that never-to-be-forgotten time, and she saw it again before her as a dream. Was not this the *Sea-Pyot*, with her white sails shining in the sun? Over there, at the point of the land, was the lighthouse; presently they would go scudding by, to raise flocks of screaming sea-birds off the rocks. Are the guns on deck?—there may be curlew in the bay beyond. And see how the green waves rush by, breaking in masses of foam; and how the great sails strain with the wind; and how the prow of the shapely little vessel rises and breasts the swell of the waters. Whither away now?—still further into the far northern solitudes, full of mystery and tenderness, where the air is sweet, and God himself seems near in the awful silence of the mountains and the majesty of the rolling seas? Enough. She rises, here in this poor lodging-house in London, and her eyes are so blinded by her tears that as she looks around her she scarce can tell whether the beautiful, pathetic dream has wholly gone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LAURELS AT WOMBLEY FLAT.

THE Dowse family, father, mother, and son, lived near Eton, the members of the firm getting down each evening in time for dinner. If nothing but high art was known in their place in Regent Street, nothing but middle-class comfort, of a somewhat profuse order, reigned throughout The Laurels, Wombley Flat. It was a large, irregular, white-washed house, with verandas, plenty of conservatories, French windows throwing in floods of light into the rooms, lounging easy-chairs of all sorts of shapes, old-fashioned grates, with hobs to them, and cigar ash-trays on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

On Friday evening the Dowses were as usual dining together. Mrs. Dowse had been a slim and spry young burlesque-actress when Mr. Dowse married her and carried her off the stage; she was now a portly and elderly person, with a comfortable, complexionless face, and silvery grey hair, who dearly loved her mid-day lunch and its bottled stout, and who wore a good deal of jewellery in the evening. Her son was also fat and pale of face, parting his auburn hair in the middle, and combing it down on his forehead. He was the member of the firm who lent solemnity and mystery to its transactions. It was he who devised schemes of colouring for the interior of a house; and there was a certain vague earnestness of belief about him which qualified and condoned the shrewd and sometimes jocular look of his father. Dowse *Père* treated the esoteric talk of Dowse *Fils* with great respect; he saw that other people believed in those subtle laws of tone and harmony; he was content to leave the whole arrangement of a house in the hands of his son, while he undertook the not unprofitable business of furnishing it with high-art furniture.

"Mother," said Mr. Edward Dowse, on this particular evening, "I had a

talk with Roberts, the photographer, to-day about that young lady we have had with us now for some time——"

"Miss Main."

"Yes; and she seems to be a greater mystery than ever. His sister-in-law tells him that the girl lives the life of a hermit; goes straight home every evening, and never stirs out; spends her time in reading or writing. On the Sunday forenoon, when everybody else is at church, she goes for a walk in Regent's Park; in the afternoon when everybody else is at home or out walking, she goes to church. That is a lively sort of life, isn't it?"

"And what is the mystery, Teddy?" asked Mrs. Dowse, with just a trace of Irish accent.

"Why, it appears Mrs. Roberts knew nothing at all about her before she brought her into our place. Did you know that, father?"

Mr. Dowse was at all times disposed to take an easy, after-dinner view of things; and more particularly at the present moment was he unlikely to bother his head about the missing portions in the history of Miss Main.

"Well, I didn't," said he. "I imagined she was some sort of acquaintance. But what does it matter? The proof of a puddin', you know. Miss Main answers our purpose admirably."

"I did not mean that at all," said Dowse Junior, with a flush coming into his pale face; for did it not appear that he had been suggesting suspicions? "I was thinking of something quite different. Now just look at the life that girl is leading. It isn't fit for a human creature. And I don't believe she has a friend in London——"

"Well, well?" said Mr. Dowse, dreamily; he was thinking of having his cigar in the drawing-room, with Mrs. Dowse singing her favourite old Irish songs to him.

"Well, mother, what do you say to running up to town to-morrow, and persuading the girl to come down here with you till the Monday? It would be an act of common Christian charity; and I can assure you she is a most lady-like girl——"

"I'll do it, I will, Teddy, if ye like," said she, readily, and she looked at her husband.

Mr. Dowse had frequently a quiet laugh to himself at his wife and son, who were really simple, good-natured people, with not much sense of humour in their composition: but on this occasion he could not altogether keep silent, even in yielding to them.

"Let us have a clear understanding about it, Teddy," said he. "I don't mind her coming here—indeed, she deserves a holiday, for she is the most tremendously conscientious girl about her work I ever saw. That's all very fine, you know; but is that the whole of it? I hope you don't mean to introduce her into the firm—Dowse, Son, and Daughter-in-law?"

"And what's the use of your putting such nonsense into the boy's head?" cried Mrs. Dowse; but she laughed all the time, for she had seen the handsome young lady many a time, and if the boy would like to have a pretty wife, why shouldn't he?

The young man, though he blushed worse than ever, affected to treat this suggestion as too ridiculous.

"Why, I know," said he, "that she is engaged to some Scotchman or other."

"And how did you find that out, Teddy?" asked his mother.

"The simplest thing in the world," said he, though he was not a little proud of his astuteness. "She is always quoting the sayings and opinions of some friends of hers in Scotland; and you can easily see they are the opinions of a man—a woman wouldn't believe so much in another woman. She has no friends in London—he must be a Scotchman——"

"But how do you know she is engaged to him?"

"Well, can you imagine a beautiful girl like that without a sweetheart? Impossible!"

The object of Dowse Junior in asking this favour—which was immediately granted by his indulgent parents—was a mixed one. Doubtless he did feel some pity for the girl; and knew that

he was doing a friendly action in breaking in on the monotony of her life. But Edward Dowse had a number of nebulous ambitions floating about in his mind; the study of the mysterious harmonies of colours was only his outward and visible calling. Sometimes he dreamed he would be a great painter; at other times a certain vein of poetical sentiment, which he undoubtedly possessed, enabled him to compose a sonnet or a lyric of some mild merit. These aspirations never amounted to a passion; he was haunted by self-criticism; probably he had too wide and intelligent a knowledge of the methods of other people ever to attack any definite, original work boldly, and without thought of anything but his own purpose. However, the aspirations remained floating about in a mind that had too many half-formed sympathies. The more he looked at this girl, the more he was fascinated by the possibility that she might become the shock that would suddenly precipitate the floating crystals of his fancy. He seemed to gather strength as he regarded her; there was something dauntless and high-spirited in her bearing which might inspire a man to write a fiery poem of patriotism and war. There was a mystery, too, about her; she might reveal to him some tragedy—some glimpse of the pain, and suffering, and fortitude, to be met with among the commonplaceness of life. He did not wish to fall in love with her; but he was fascinated by her; and he wondered whether he might not learn something of the story that was hidden behind that proud reserve of hers.

Mrs. Dowse had a hard fight of it with Violet, who, with great gratitude but also with much firmness, declined to go down to Berkshire. But Mrs. Dowse had not come up to London for nothing. Pressed into a corner, the girl weakly based her defence on the fact that she had no travelling-bag; whereupon a travelling-bag was instantly produced by Mr. Dowse himself, who forthwith sent off his wife and Miss Violet in a cab to the lodgings of the latter, where she made a few

necessary preparations for her brief journey. Mrs. Dowse was very kind to her.

Now if these friendly people had any notion before that there was some mystery about the girl, they were not likely to have the impression removed by a closer acquaintance. She seemed strangely familiar with modes of life not likely to come within the ken of a shop-assistant. Yet she talked very little during the railway journey; they could not understand why she should be so sad and silent, when they were taking her off for a holiday.

It was her first glimpse of the country since she had been up among the Highland hills and seas; the first time she had escaped from the prison of the city. And yet these out-of-door sights seemed somehow strange and unnatural; the outer world had changed since last she saw blue skies and green fields. True, this midday sky was blue enough, when they got well outside London; and the sun was shining down on green meadows; but the green was raw, wet, and wintry. Out by Ealing and Hanwell they came into the region of orchards; the leafless branches of the short and stumpy trees were black. But still further out the trees were not wholly leafless; the oaks were still of a russet-brown, the elms of a golden yellow, the pines dark green; and then they got into the country proper, where there were long stretches of ploughed land, and here and there a field green with spring wheat just coming up; and dank meadows with sheep in them that would have been badly off without turnips. Moreover, though it was November, there was a spring-like mildness in the air; and the skies were blue enough; was it only fancy that convinced her the world had changed so much within a couple of months or so?

A wagonette and pair of handsome greys met them at Windsor station; Mrs. Dowse got up on the box-seat and took the reins—Violet sitting next her, the others getting in behind. Away they drove down the town, and over the bridge, and out through the old-

fashioned streets of Eton. Violet's spirits rose. Here the air smelt sweet; and she was fond of driving.

"I see you don't use bearing-reins," said she, lightly to her companion. "I remember one of my father's horses that never would go with the bearing-rein. It was no use. There was merely a jibbing-match when they tried to fasten up his head; and yet you never saw an animal that held his head better—without any bearing-rein at all. It used to look odd, though, to have a bearing-rein on one horse, and not on the other."

She had no thought of what she was saying; but Mrs. Dowse had. So this young lady's father had his carriage and pair of horses.

When they had reached The Laurels, and when Violet had been shown upstairs to her room, Mrs. Dowse did not fail to repeat to her husband and son that bit of conversation. But Dowse senior repudiated his wife's inference.

"Nonsense, Florry. Her father may be a coachman, who has given his daughter a good education. The poorer classes in Scotland are very well educated."

"But she is not Scotch."

"No; no more she is. Oh, well, if her father was a Duke, it doesn't matter. Suppose we call her Lady Violet?"

"I should not be surprised," said Dowse junior, with a mysterious air, "to learn that her name was not Main at all."

"What's that?" said his father, sharply. "Do you mean to say we have got one of the swell mob into the house—who is to open the doors to her confederates in the middle of the night—that we may be all murdered and robbed? This is a pretty pass you have brought us to by your benevolent pity."

Mr. Edward Dowse did not like being made fun of; he opened one of the French windows, and went out on the lawn.

Now, when Violet came down, Mrs. Dowse proposed that they should go round the garden and have a look at

the place generally; and here, also, their guest betrayed an amount of knowledge which was scarcely to be expected. She knew all the finest flowers in the conservatories; she knew how these ought to be kept when cut; had they heard of the new Java plant that a particular florist was selling at twenty pounds a piece? They discovered, however, that she was clearly not a country-bred girl. She knew nothing about pigeons, or about the various breeds of fowls, or even about vineries; and she was quite helpless in the kitchen-garden. Nevertheless, she was very much interested; and they spent the afternoon right pleasantly, until the gathering twilight and the chilly air bade them go in and dress for dinner.

The more that Edward Dowse saw of this girl, the more was his curiosity stimulated. He sat opposite her at dinner, and could see the effect of everything that was said on the expression of her face. She had been a trifle embarrassed at first; that had worn off; now she was talking quite brightly and cheerfully—it was some time since she had been roused into vivacity by social intercourse. And all these speeches of hers were in a measure a revelation of herself; he began to fashion imaginary histories of her.

His fanciful study of her, however, was interrupted by a singular little incident. He was talking of certain artists whom he knew; and happened to mention, quite accidentally, the Judæum Club. She instantly looked up, and said, quickly—

"Do you—know that club?"

"I am a member of it," he answered.

The girl was silent for some time after that; but he never forgot the quick look of anxiety—almost of fright—that passed over her face as she asked the question. That she knew some one in that club, he considered obvious; and also that that some one had had something to do with her previous history. Here, indeed, was something for him to think about.

If Violet had been seized with a sudden fear on learning that this young

man belonged to the club of which George Miller was a member, she did not let the knowledge disturb her enjoyment of that evening. They had really a very pleasant evening; though it sometimes recalled other evenings that were now best hidden away in the past. There was a blazing fire in the white and gold drawing-room; and a good deal of cigar-smoke too. Mrs. Dowse, in a worn and feeble voice, the defects of which were almost condoned by her cleverness of expression, sang all sorts of old and familiar Irish songs; and sang them very nicely indeed. Then she would have her son sing, also; and Violet had a suspicion that these pretty little chansonettes that he sang, with their tears and roses, and nights profound, were of his own composition. She did not care much for that kind of thing; she had been educated in a robust air. When Mr. Dowse hinted that perhaps Miss Violet also sang, she went to the piano at once, and there was mischief in her face.

Now the young lady had the poorest opinion of her own singing, and in ordinary circumstances would have flatly declined to make what she considered an exhibition of herself; but a certain rebellious feeling had got the better of her, and she was determined to give a counterblast to all those melancholy utterances of an affected French sentiment. She was fresh from the North; hothouse airs sickened her. There was a malicious humour in her face as she sang, at random, and with some briskness, the good, old, wholesome ballad of Willie's visit to Melville Castle, which, as it may not be known much in the South, one may be pardoned for quoting here.

*"O Willie's gane to Melville Castle,
Boots and spurs and a',"*

—it begins; and there was a sort of gallant and martial air about the singer that convinced one of the listeners that if she had been born a man she would most assuredly have become a soldier.

*"To bid the Leiddies a farewell,
Before he gaed awa'."*

*"The first he met was Lady Bet,
Who led him through the ha';
And wi' a sad and sorry heart
She let the tears doon fa'."*

*"Near the fire stood Lady Grace,
Said ne'er a word awa;
She thought that she was sure o' him
Before he gaed awa'."*

*"The next he saw was Lady Kate:
Guid troth, ye needna caw'
Maybe the lad will fancy me
And disappoint ye a'."*

By this time Violet could scarcely sing for laughing; and Mr. Edward Dowse had a sore suspicion that she was making fun of those transcendental longings of his, in rose-gardens, with bruised hearts, and the ashes of dead love grey in the moonlight. Mr. Dowse, too, woke up; he was not at home in French metrical composition; but here was something distinctly intelligible. She continued:—

*"Then down the stair skipt Lady Jean,
The flower among them a';
Oh, lassies, trust in Providence,
And ye'll get husbands a'."*

*"As on his steed he gallop'd off,
They a' cam to the door;
He gaily raised his feathered plume;
They set up sic a roar!"*

*"Their sighs, their cries brought Willie back,
He kissed them aye and a',
"Oh, lassies, bide till I come hame,
And then I'll wed ye a'!"*

She was not ashamed of the graceless song, as she rose from the piano with a malicious look still in her eyes; and Mrs. Dowse was vastly delighted with it. But as for the person whom it was meant to convert to the notion that after all there was a little humour in human nature, and that a man could not spend his life in beating his forehead in the dust before a mysterious, scornful, and probably rather foolish woman, he was just a trifle offended at first, and would even have ventured on some disparagement of Scotland and Scotch literature generally had he not been promptly warned off that dangerous ground. These dissensions were brought to an end by a servant bringing in the candles and putting them conspicuously in the middle of the table.

That was a custom against which Mr. Dowse protested in vain; his wife would have it that it was better to light your candle in the drawing-room than in the cold hall.

Mr. Edward Dowse went up to his own room, which seemed to be partially fitted up as a study. There was a big fire burning in the grate; a comfortable easy-chair before it; a table with a box of cigars, a bottle of claret, and writing materials on it. He lit a cigar, and sat down before the fire.

He was a much more impressionable and imaginative young man than Mr. George Miller; and there was something in the nature of this girl—even in her courageous manner—that affected him keenly because he was so absolutely destitute of the same qualities himself. She had put some fire and nerve into his somewhat nebulous brain; at this moment, as he poured out a glass of claret, he wished the glass could have been a bowl—a beaker he could have quaffed to Lady Jean as she came down the stair. Soldiers' songs began to stir in his memory; he drank a glass or two of claret; some ringing phrase caught his fancy—surely he, too, could write something that would rouse the heart like the call of a trumpet. He began to pace up and down the room nervously—coining phrases, rhymes, and so forth; and then he hurriedly sat down to the big white sheet of paper. What would she say to this?—

*"Stand up, my lads!—I give to-day,
The heroes bold of Tanqueray!
Be they in heaven, or down in hell,
Or living still, I cannot tell:
What matters it? Up, and give a drain
To heroes living and heroes slain!
And deepest of all to those, I say,
Who fought like fiends at Tanqueray!"*

He was positively trembling with nervous excitement; he threw his cigar into the fire, drank some more claret, and continued the rapid, scrawling, nervous handwriting:—

*"God's truth, it was the dead o' night
We stole like wild cats up the height;
And Highland Billy he cursed and swore
He never had seen such rocks before.
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*'Kee Vee!' says a fellow. I dealt him a
blow
That sent his soul to the devils below;
And then with a yell, and a laugh and a
cheer
Made the wakening Frenchies shiver with
fear,
We sprang at the guns!—Boys, that was the
roar
We began the diversion at Tanqueray!"*

This, now, was the sort of ballad to put before the girl whom he likened to Brünhilde, the warrior-queen—the fierce maiden repellent of love—unapproachable, unconquerable!

*"Asleep? Not they! All the black of the
night
Began to sputter with jets of light—
And higher and higher—
And nigher and nigher
Came the crackle and roar of the musketry
fire!
'Curse them, I'm done!'—I heard him
fall—
That was the last of poor Pat from
Youghal!"*

—and that was the last, too, of the glorious legend of Tanqueray, wherever Tanqueray may be! There was no staying-power in the young man. He had got so far when he began to fear he had heard something like it before; and this uneasy consciousness caused him to throw down the pen and take up the paper. He would look it over; and so he lit another cigar.

It did not read so well now. It was shockingly out of keeping with those mystic sonnets of passion which he hoped to publish some day; and what would ladies say to so much bad language? What would Brünhilde herself say?

Brünhilde would have said nothing at all; but it is probable she would have, as usual, fallen back, in her own thoughts, on a remark of her master's—*Force of phrase is only the bit of clay that a butcher's boy flings at a brick wall in passing; force of feeling is the strong, inevitable, gentle wind that carries a ship across the sea.* It was not her judgment, but the judgment of James Drummond, that would have spoken. He was still—she knew he would be to the end—the "very eyes" of her.

As for this hysteric effort of a weak man to assume the language of a coarse

and strong man, it became more and more distasteful to the author of it, who tore up the paper, threw his second cigar into the fire, and got to bed; so that the world was deprived for ever of the ballad of the fierce fight at Tanqueray.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ENCOUNTER.

VIOLET came down next morning to the clean, bright breakfast-room. The French windows showed her the sunlight shining on the green lawn outside and on the yellow leaves left on the chestnuts. There was a brisk fire burning in the grate. All this bright, warm comfort, and the strange quiet of the Sunday morning, even the spotless purity of the table-linen, seemed so different from London.

She feared all this. She wished she had not made the acquaintance of these friendly people. She would rather have been without this glimpse of kindly home-life before she left England for ever. The world had grown very dark for her; and as her chief wish now was to be out of it, she did not care to make new friends or cultivate new associations she might have to leave with some regret. That lonely room in London was more to her liking.

Mrs. Dowse came bustling into the breakfast-room, smiling, radiant, apologising to Violet for being late, and almost apologising for having dressed herself somewhat smartly. She said she had given up the notion of surviving her husband and marrying again; so that she could not afford to forfeit Richard's affections by sinking into slatternly habits. Richard liked to see her smartly dressed in the morning; and there was nobody else to dress for. If she were lost, Richard would advertise that she was not of the slightest use to any one but the owner. And so the good-natured woman chattered on in a friendly way; and Violet really began to like her, despite her somewhat heavy golden chains and brooches.

At breakfast, Violet seemed rather disinclined to go to church; but when

Edward Dowse—who looked rather pale and unhealthy in the morning—suggested that they should have the wagonette and drive away to a certain remote and picturesque little parish church which he named, she eagerly assented to that. In due time they started.

"Why do you wear a veil in the country, Miss Main?" said Mrs. Dowse, with a smile.

"I suppose it is habit," the girl said.

It was indeed an ancient and picturesque little church they reached at length; the outside largely overgrown with ivy, the inside quaint, dusky, and smelling of damp. They were country people who sate in the benches—mostly old, wrinkled, and bowed. The parson was a rubicund, benevolent-looking man; presently his voice sounded in a monotonous and melancholy manner through the hushed little building.

She heard little of the service; her heart was sore. It seemed to her that this small out-of-the-way church was a bit of that "old" England that was very dear to her and that she was about to leave for ever. Leaving London was nothing. But where in that far land to which she was going would she find the old-fashioned parish church, and the simple peasants, and the easy-going paternal pastor? It was all part of a picture that had been familiar to her from her childhood—the ivy on the walls, the dull diamonded panes inside, the marble tablets, the oaken pews, and the fresh-washed faces of the girls who stood up in the choir to sing. Sometimes, in London, she went to a very grand church, which had fine architecture without and elaborate decorations within; and she was much impressed by the music and she listened attentively to the sermon. She had never thought twice about leaving that. Here, in this Berkshire church, she paid but little notice to the different parts of the service, and the monotonous voice of the parson rambled on through his discourse unheeded; but she knew that she would remember this little building and its people and services

when she was far away, and would know that she had left behind her a part of herself that no other country in the world could give her. More and more she began to regret that she had ever been tempted away, even for a day from the lifeless life she was leading in London.

There was another reason, too, why she wished to be safely back in her hiding-place. She could never say that by accident she might not stumble on some one who knew herself or her father, so long as she was moving about among strangers and strange places. In London she was secure. She had even a sense of freedom there. She had got accustomed to that plan of life which she had devised as best likely to prevent detection; and it was no longer an embarrassment. In the twilight that prevailed over her desk she was safe. In the back streets leading up to Oxford-street she was safe. Once the plunge across that thoroughfare taken—and she had a thick veil to conceal her face—she was close to her lodgings, and she was again safe.

But here, driving about, travelling by rail, and so on, who could tell? Moreover, she had been greatly disturbed on learning that Edward Dowse was a member of the Judæum. She knew that in such an association of perhaps fifteen hundred persons, it did not at all follow that one picked out at random should happen to know a certain other one; but there was always the risk; and if Edward Dowse did happen to have the acquaintance of George Miller, all that she had done might suddenly be rendered useless. While she remained in London, her conversation with the Dowses, father and son, had been almost exclusively about business-affairs. Edward Dowse would never have thought of telling her that he was a member of the Judæum. On the other hand, he had not even the right to take a friendly interest in her affairs. They were practically strangers, and apart. Now the case was somewhat different; and as the girl knew perfectly well that the Dowses must suspect her of having

belonged to a condition in life superior to that which she was now in, she began more and more to dread the consequences of this kindly interference in her welfare.

Then she noticed, with some dismay, that Edward Dowse would persistently talk to her about the Judæum Club. At luncheon, for example, he sat opposite her—she facing the window, he in shadow; and she knew that his eyes were fixed on her as he proceeded to speak of this man and that man, professing to give humorous little sketches of them. They were not as keen, shrewd, and accurate sketches as George Miller could have given of some of his fellows; they were loose, imaginative, and rather weak; but she noticed that he always mentioned each man by name. The fancy leapt into her head that this young man had noticed her embarrassment on the preceding evening, when he announced that he was a member of the Judæum Club; and that now he was trying to find out—by the same key—which of the members she knew. Her supposition was correct.

The mystery about this girl fascinated the young man. Perhaps it was more a literary than a personal interest he had in her—he imagined possibilities of romance in connection with her which might perchance feed his poetic flame; but at all events he was determined to find out, if he could, who and what she really was. The method of discovery he employed was not highly ingenious, but he persevered with it; while the mere suspicion on her part that he was talking about clubs for this purpose produced a great embarrassment in the girl's manner, which rendered it certain that if he did mention the right name by accident, she would assuredly betray herself.

"After all," he was saying, "there is a democratic equality and independence about an ordinary big club that you don't get in the smaller clubs that are founded by distinguished people for particular purposes. In these small clubs the big men tyrannise over you; and they do that when they are dead,

too. You go into the place as a guest ; your friend tells you that the club was founded by So-and-so ; you look round the room at the nobodies who are there, and wonder at the cheek of the man who sits in the chair at the head of the table. These ghosts of the big men overshadow the place. But in an ordinary large club, like a hotel, Mr. Ferdinand Stettin, the wool-broker, is quite as good as the Hon. Arthur Hunt, who is Lord Exington's youngest son, and Dalrymple the stockbroker pays for his lives at pool just like Captain Duke, who has got the V.C."

Stettin—Hunt—Dalrymple—Duke : it was rather clever to get four names, apparently at haphazard, into the one sentence. But they were useless.

"Do you play pool?" said she, making a desperate effort to get him away from talking of his club-acquaintances.

"A little—not much," said he, modestly : the fact being that he had played it once, and had lost his three lives in about five minutes.

"A friend of mine," she continued—still hurriedly—to get him away from the club, "used to say that that was the only thing worth saving money for——"

"To play pool?"

"Oh, no," she said, quickly, for she was a trifle confused. "He used to say that if life were like a game at pool, and you could at the end of it 'star' and come to life again, by paying money, then it would be worth while saving up money. He could not understand any one hoarding money for any other purpose. That is the phrase, is it not—'to star'?"

"I believe so," said the accomplished pool-player.

He was not thinking of pool at all ; but of this unknown and mysterious friend of hers. So he played in the billiard-room at the Judæum? That was a further clue ; and here indeed, young Mr. Dowse was getting "warm," as children say at blind-man's-buff, although, as a matter-of-fact, she had not been talking of George Miller at all.

In the end he was baffled—at least, so far as that day was concerned. He

did know George Miller—as club-men know each other—but by some strange accident he never happened to mention the name. Moreover he could not go on all day talking about clubs, especially as the girl made valiant efforts to drag the conversation elsewhere. At night, in communion with himself over a cigar, he had to confess that he had failed ; and that he knew no more about Miss Main now than when she had started with them the day before, except, perhaps, that it was more manifest than ever that she had not been born and brought up in the condition of life which she now, voluntarily or involuntarily, occupied.

Violet was glad to return to London. Mrs. Dowse had been good enough to say, as the girl left on the Monday morning, that she hoped her next visit would be a longer one ; and the young lady had returned her grateful thanks, without making any promise.

She returned to her book-keeping duties, to her veiled and hurried flights across the greater thoroughfares, to the silent and monotonous evenings in that small room, herself alone with her books, and her memoranda, and her dreams. She was growing impatient now ; pinch as she might, her savings increased but slowly. Including the money she had at the outset, she was now possessed of something like 13*l.* ; but what was that? She could not set out on her voyage to the land in which the dead come to life again, with only 13*l.* in her pocket ; she could not even get to New York—which she had come to consider as the first point to be gained.

One evening Mrs. Roberts called on her ; there was a roguish look on the roseate face ; the good woman was determined to be facetiously angry.

"Miss Main," said she, "I am come to talk seriously to you. I have been speaking with your landlady ; she says you eat nothing."

"I am sure I eat as much as anyone ; do I look as if I were starving?" said the girl cheerfully.

"You are not looking well at all. You may not know it ; but you are not. Now—you will excuse me—but I said I

would look after you whether you liked it or not—and now if you are trying to save a little money, seeing that you are all alone like—what I say is this, don't save it out of your eating and drinking, but ask Mr. Dowse to raise your salary: that is what I say."

The girl never thought of denying that she was trying hard to save money.

"I could not do that, Mrs. Roberts. I am sure I am very well paid."

"Oh, nonsense. The Dowses are very rich; they ought to give you thirty shillings a week now—and they would do it in a moment if you asked them."

"I could not ask them."

"Then I will."

Violet was irresolute. On the one hand, she was exceedingly anxious to get away from England; on the other, she had a humiliating consciousness that if the Dowses gave her this increase of salary, it would be out of a friendly compassion.

"Then there is another thing," continued the impulsive Mrs. Roberts, smoothing the black hair over her shining face. "My brother-in-law spoke to me about it yesterday. He wishes to introduce some new process that he has bought from an American; and he wants to get one or two good subjects—to make good pictures, you know. Now—would you mind sitting to him some forenoon—Mr. Dowse could spare you for an hour or two—and—and you might as well have a five pound note as not, if I may venture to tell you a secret—"

The girl's face flushed; but she was not angry.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Roberts. I could not do that."

"He says you would make a capital subject—perhaps with a bit of fancy costume—"

"I really could not do that," the girl said, quickly. "It is very kind of you, however. Let us talk about something else, Mrs. Roberts. Do you know anybody in New York?"

"In New York?" said the landlady, with a sharp glance. "Do you think of going to New York?"

The question was so direct that Violet answered it unawares.

"Yes—by-and-by."

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Roberts, rather anxiously. "And if you will allow me to say so, I think it is rather dangerous for a young lady to be going about like that—quite alone—"

"Yes; but what if there is no one to go with her?" said the girl, without any bitterness at all.

"You know, Miss Main," said the landlady, earnestly, "you would soon make friends enough, if you cared to; but if you go from one town to another, how can you?"

"Does your brother-in-law know anybody in New York?"

"I will ask him if you like; but I hope you won't think of going."

Instead, however, of asking Mr. Roberts about his American friends, she went down to Mr. Dowse and told him that Miss Main had some notion of going to New York; and that, if he wished to retain her services, he ought at once to raise her salary. Mr. Dowse had not the least objection; although, he said, before Miss Main had formed any such intention she might have made complaint to herself. Mrs. Roberts replied that Miss Main had made no complaint to any one; and from that moment Miss Main received the very handsome salary—all things considered—of thirty shillings a week.

Now indeed her small hoard of savings began to increase more appreciably; and she looked forward with some sad hope to the time when she should be released from the fear which more or less haunted her while she remained in this country. So far, all her plans had been successful.

So far, only. One evening as she was hurrying home, she found herself stopped by a man who would not get out of her way. With some indignation she looked up; and then she could scarcely repress a cry of alarm. Standing before her—a trifle pale, perhaps, but not much agitated—she found George Miller, who merely said "Violet!" and put out his hand.

To be continued.

SICK-NURSES.

ANOTHER palace has, within the last few years, arisen almost under the shadow of the great English St. Peter's, that minster—"the loveliest and most lovable thing in Christendom," as a great architect has called it—which gives a name to the city west of London. Yet if even the founders of Westminster Abbey could have seen in forecasting vision this new palace on the opposite bank of the Thames, their pious hearts would surely have rejoiced, however strange they would probably have thought it that men could build—without building what was outwardly beautiful. For this palace, full of stately halls and chambers, graced at its opening by the presence of the first lady in the land, has been set apart, not as the future scene of high festivals and courtly pageants, but for the reception of those amongst the poor whom all will acknowledge that we ought to succour—the sick and maimed. It is not, however, of the primary benefits of St. Thomas's Hospital that we would now speak, but rather of a work which of late years has grown up in connection with many hospitals, and of which St. Thomas's is one chief centre—the work of providing trained nurses for the sick, in other hospitals, in workhouses, and in private families, rich and poor. It is certainly strange that while so much pains and skill were employed in training medical men, none should have been formerly given to the education of those on whose intelligence and fidelity in carrying out the doctor's directions the lives of their patients too often depended. But the truth is, that to suppose that nurses could require more than the light of nature (and that generally a very low nature) to fit them for their office, is a notion of our own day; and the work of training nurses is one of which all but the very young amongst us can remember the beginning. The celebrated Mrs. Camp was held up

to us as the type of English nurses, and was at once recognized as a faithful portrait.

There was one, however, even then growing up amongst us, whose whole life, and health, and strength, were to be given to the task of forming another type of sick-nurse, and when the Nightingale Fund was subscribed as a nation's expression of gratitude to her who had left all her youthful health in the lazarettos of Scutari, it was by her wish devoted to educating young women as nurses, and thus a school of training was founded in connection with the old St. Thomas's Hospital, from which many have gone forth all over England as trained and efficient workers—some of them becoming directresses of other schools of training. Still the labourers are but few; and the general interest in a subject vital to the welfare of our sick poor is so feeble and partial that we would fain call attention to a few facts, in the hope that they may gain attention from those able to influence the management of our hospitals and workhouse infirmaries.

Much has been written within the last few years on the subject of nursing, and yet very few comparatively know anything of the state of things in our hospitals. The writer of an able article which appeared a few years ago in a contemporary magazine, said with much truth: "We heard a great deal about it during the Crimean War, and none were more grieved or displeased at the nonsense that was then talked than the devoted women who went to the camps and hospitals in the East, to save life and relieve misery as far as they could. While they were contending with the hardest and most prosaic difficulties, and seeing men die of sheer hunger and dirt, they had little relish for the romancing of the day—for the pictures of their services held up in novels and

poems We grew tired of hospital romancing years ago ; and there is really no sign of our having since troubled ourselves to inquire what the facts are of the provision for the nursing of the sick in the United Kingdom. The Nightingale Fund was subscribed—that was one good deed ; it was put into the hands of worthy trustees, and that was another ; but if it was inquired how much interest the public, or any part of the public, takes in the working of the institution, the answer would be very mortifying.”¹

When, many years ago, Miss Stanley's book on hospitals appeared, a young woman who had just returned from one of our principal hospitals was asked by the writer whether she thought that such things as Miss Stanley mentioned could exist. Her answer was, “I do not know what is in the book, but I know that nothing can be worse than what I have seen. The nurses were kind enough to me, because my father paid them, but I have seen patients dying, and calling to the nurses, who took no heed of them.”

It is difficult to give any notion of the deplorable condition of the nursing in hospitals under the old *régime*, without mentioning particular instances, which for many reasons is undesirable. We believe that the medical officers would be the first to acknowledge the need of reform ; and it should be clearly understood that no blame is due to them in this matter ; the remedy is not in their hands ; what they can they do : often taking upon themselves offices neglected by the nurses. The poor recover, by God's blessing, in consequence of the admirable medical care bestowed upon them, but in most cases, in spite of the nursing. “If I could tell you the lives that I have seen lost in this ward for want of proper nursing !” was lately said to me by the house-surgeon of one of our chief hospitals. But it will be scarcely needful to mention facts almost too frightful to be printed, if it be considered that these

¹ “Nurses Wanted,” *Cornhill Magazine*, April 1865.

nurses are generally taken from a very low class, which will be the case as long as the present low rate of wages is given ; that this rate is lower than we should give to a respectable servant skilled in any branch of domestic service ; that, while entrusted with matters of life or death, they are left without any efficient superintendence, and that no training is thought necessary to prepare them for an office needing special knowledge and skill. If the fact be also taken into account that familiarity with the sight of suffering has a tendency, especially with women, to harden the feelings, some notion may be formed of what the general system of ward [mis] management, which goes by the name of nursing, is likely to be.

Yet the patients entrusted to the care of these women are the chief treasures of a Christian nation, since they are both poor and sick. Nor has any question been raised, among those whose position makes them fit judges, as to the necessity for reform in the present system, as to the extreme value of good nursing, or as to the necessity, if it is to be good, that it should be entrusted to faithful and intelligent women. In the words of Mr. Bonham Carter, Secretary to the Nightingale Fund, “The great misapprehension which appears to exist in many quarters on this subject, viz., the necessity for training, arises from a want of appreciation of the essential requirements of a nurse, notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject. Whatever gift any one may have for nursing, it is utterly impossible that the requisite knowledge and experience can be acquired without a systematic training of considerable duration, and no such training can be afforded except in a properly conducted hospital. Good nursing does not grow of itself ; it is the result of study, teaching, training, practice, ending in sound tradition, which can be transferred elsewhere. Every one is quite willing to admit the necessity for such a course of education with regard to every other occupation or profession, both in the case of domestic

servants of every class, from a scullery-maid up to a lady's maid, and of course still more in the case of more skilled employments, and yet they seem to think that any lady can 'pick up' the knowledge necessary to make her a good nurse—that is to say, the intelligent assistant of members of the most highly taught and highly skilled profession."

It is, however, hopeless to expect the common run of even trained nurses to persevere in the exact attention to details which is necessary, if left without the constant supervision which, *ordinarily*, can only be supplied by an educated person. It is simply a waste of time, money, and energy, to train nurses, and then draft them off into hospitals which are still under the old system, in the belief that by that means the nursing in those hospitals will be reformed. In by far the majority of cases they will quickly sink to the level which surrounds them. Whatever goodwill they may have to keep up the traditions of their training, and carry out the principles they have learnt, it will be impossible for them to do so in a hospital which does not possess facilities, or even possibilities, for proper administration and order in the nursing department.

Certainly it may be said that a bad workman quarrels with his tools, and there are women who will overcome every obstacle, with wit enough to meet every want by some ingenious contrivance; but these are of rarest exception. In most instances, a very good nurse, suddenly transferred from her training-school to an ill-managed hospital, and left without proper supervision, will become discouraged and dispirited, and after a few efforts perhaps in a right direction, will acquiesce in a state of things which, after all, it is not her province to alter. Her powers of performing the duties, which she can fulfil, will be impaired by the loss of that feeling of *bien-être*, which is produced by the sense of order, and of support from one superior to herself; who, if strict in keeping her up to the

mark, will, as she well knows, take thought for her comfort and welfare.

The moment any good training-school of nursing is established, the managers will receive many applications from Boards of Hospitals, medical officers, &c., begging to be provided with trained nurses. The applicants have a lively sense of evils which continually force themselves upon their notice, and a dim sense that if they can only get "trained nurses" everything will come right. But we believe that all who have had experience in such matters will give the same advice—"Be hard-hearted, and refuse all such applications. Do not waste good nurses by placing them under conditions, and in an atmosphere, where they will quickly deteriorate." It is very easy for a Hospital Board to engage good nurses, when they find them ready trained; it is *not* easy so to reform the internal management and arrangements of their hospital that the new nurses may be kept up to the mark, and that *permanent* improvement may be effected.

Of these reforms, two are absolutely necessary; first, and above all, proper supervision of the nurses; secondly, the payment of such wages to them as may give a fair chance of securing the services of respectable and intelligent women.

As regards the scale of wages, they should be uniformly raised to the present maximum rate. Respectable and clever women will not take the post of under-nurse at the too-common rate of hospital pay; and of course where the salaries are so low that none but intemperate or incapable women will take them, the nursing is as bad as such women can make it. Instead of the wages being lower than what is ordinarily given to good domestic servants, they should be rather above that rate, since the life of a servant in a well-regulated household is more comfortable than that of a hospital nurse, and is free from work which discourages many women from learning to nurse.¹

¹ In the official report on hospitals, made to the Privy Council in 1863 by Dr. Bristowe

The subject of wages is earnestly commended to the consideration of Boards of Hospitals; no real reform can be effected in a hospital without the hearty co-operation of a Board alive to the need for reform, and anxious to secure it at the expense of trouble and money.

As to the other and primary reform, which is urgently needed—proper supervision of the nurses—it may seem strange that they should be spoken of as without supervision, when they are supposed to be under that of the matron. But in the first place, these officers are frequently chosen without any consideration at all as to their fitness for superintending and directing nursing. Under the old system, in most of our hospitals, the matron is the nominal head of the nursing department; but as her time is almost wholly taken up with the duties of housekeeping, she is chosen chiefly with a view to her fitness for those duties; and it rarely happens that she has had any previous education in the art of nursing. The result is that she has neither time for any real supervision of the nurses, nor knowledge, which would make such supervision effective, if she had time. However well she may be fitted for the general direction of a household, she

and Dr. Holmes, much of the improvement observed in the nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital is attributed to the higher salaries given to the nurses since the Nightingale Training Institution was associated with the hospital. *Volunteer Hospital Nursing*, by Miss Garrett.

Mr. Bonham Carter writes:—"Inadequate remuneration and want of proper accommodation necessarily exclude the best class of women from the profession. The first objection is more readily acknowledged than the second, and yet, as a matter of fact, there is little doubt that the want of decent accommodation as regards the nurses' quarters, and arrangements for meals, has a greater effect in deterring many respectable women from entering hospital service than the mere question of pay. The system of board wages which exists in many hospitals is objectionable in many respects. It greatly increases the temptation to purloin the rations of the patients; the preparation of the food is necessarily a cause of absence both from the hospital and the ward; the task itself is to many women irksome, and results in discomfort."

enters upon her office without that intimate knowledge of the science of nursing, which would enable her to direct and to teach others; while the general care of the household, the giving out of stores, &c., leaves her no time for a proper supervision of the nurses, however much she may wish to exercise it.

Let any one talk to the matron of a large hospital under the old system, and she will tell him what we have been told, that what training or superintendence the nurses have is from the doctors, that she has not time for it.

We should not expect to have good domestic servants if they were untrained and left without supervision; and yet we are content to trust offices on which life and death depend to a very low class of women, and to leave it to chance whether they are performed even in the imperfect way which is really the best that such women are capable of.

The results of this system can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed them. Let our physicians speak: they know that we can hardly exaggerate the slovenry, carelessness, and neglect of doctors' orders, which prevail among hospital nurses, or the suffering caused to their patients by ignorance and incapacity, even where there is not worse than this, positive cruelty and wilful neglect.

Doctors know what are the consequences of this, and of the absence of any watchful care over women exposed to peculiar temptations; they know what hospital nurses too often are. One physician, who has written upon this subject, says, after describing the common type of hospital nurses, "Accordingly, inattention, uncleanness, the absence of high moral and religious principle, a want of sympathy, tenderness, and kindly regard, with evils of a more positive character, such as drunkenness, levity of conduct, evil temper, amounting at times to treatment little short of cruel; these, and whatever flows from them, were and are among the more frequent complaints attendant upon the old system, where special train-

ing was never thought of, and women of education and religious principle regarded, as something decidedly *infra dig.*, the calling of an hospital nurse."¹

What, then, is the remedy for this condition of things? It is a large question, and yet one which experience in many English hospitals has in some measure answered.

It has been well said that "Hospital nursing, like most other employments, may be undertaken in either of two ways—that is, in what may be briefly described as the commercial way, where the work is chosen primarily for the sake of the income to be gained by doing it, or in the philanthropic or religious way, where the work is done gratuitously. The words 'commercial' and 'religious' must be understood as referring only to the motive for the choice of an employment, not necessarily to the spirit in which it is done. Commercial work may be done religiously, or religious work may be done commercially."

We have the high authority of Miss Nightingale's opinion as to the excellence of one of these systems of nursing. She says, "that that system where the nurses belong to a religious order, and are under their own spiritual head, the hospital being administered by a separate secular governing body, is, on the whole, best calculated to secure good nursing for the sick, and the general well-being of both patients and nurses." The next best system Miss Nightingale considers to be that wherein the nurses are secular, under their own secular female head, the hospital having its own separate government.

The first system has been, and is, widely used.

On the Continent, as is well known, it is the rule, and not the exception, for hospitals to be nursed by religious associations of women. In France the expenses of hospitals are paid by the State, and their management is also under the control of Government, but the entire nursing is entrusted to Sisters, who have paid officials under them as

¹ *Hospital and Workhouse Nursing.* By Alfred Meadows, M.D.

a sort of inferior nurses. In London, King's College Hospital, containing 172 beds, and University Hospital, containing 150, are nursed by Sisters (in communion with the Church of England) having under them paid assistants, whom they train as nurses. Thus the former head-nurses of wards are replaced by ladies, to whom the under-nurses are directly responsible. "In these hospitals," Dr. Alfred Meadows writes, "there is but one opinion as to the immense improvement in the nursing since the change was effected. The *Lancet* has recently given emphatic testimony on this point. Referring to the volunteer help given during the cholera epidemic, it says: 'The nursing by ladies is the very best that England has yet seen;' and it prophesies that we cannot long refuse to adopt a system 'which embodies intelligence, the keenest sympathy, refinement,' and as it might have added—economy. In fact, the advantages to the patient and the hospital are so great and so obvious, that it is astonishing to find any one blind to them. It is *all* gain to them, to get in the place of hired servants, ladies who are willing to do the work for nothing, in a peculiarly admirable manner." And after mentioning that the entire nursing of the workhouse at Manchester, containing about 500 beds, had been placed under the care of the Sisters who have charge of University Hospital, Dr. Meadows adds: "So admirably have they fulfilled their mission there, at a time of great anxiety, owing to an epidemic of typhus fever which raged horribly when they entered on their work, that already they have received the unanimous thanks of the Board of Guardians; and what is more, the approval and sanction of the Poor Law Board. And the Manchester Guardians may be congratulated by every well-wisher of the poor, on the courage they have shown in daring the opposition which they are sure to meet with, and for the large-hearted and liberal manner in which they have received and acted upon the suggestions made for the better nursing of the

poor." The results of the system may also be seen in hospitals, especially in Ireland, nursed by Roman Catholic Sisters.

We now come to a consideration of the system which Miss Nightingale considers to be "next best." The whole system is a gradation of training; the Nightingale Fund (or some fund somewhere) trains to its purpose a lady of capacity, sense, and spirit,—such a one as Mrs. Wardroper, who is at the head of the nursing at St. Thomas's. She first makes herself mistress of the art of nursing, and then selects her probationers among the applicants for training at the hospital, and they enter there under her authority. The advantages of this system will be seen at once. The nurses are under the constant supervision of a lady who is herself a first-rate nurse, and who is in the wards at all hours, being entirely relieved from household cares. These latter devolve upon a house-keeper, who has nothing to do with the nursing, and is under the authority of the Lady Superintendent. The nurses in charge of wards are chosen from a band of probationers who are always in training, and are thus entrusted with no important office until they have passed through a long probation—generally for a year, so that the Lady Superintendent has always a *dépôt* of nurses under training to draw upon, with whose character and acquirements she is intimately acquainted, instead of being obliged, like the matron of an hospital under the old *régime*, to engage the best (or least bad) person whom she can get, and of whom she knows nothing.

The moral influence brought to bear upon the nurses has not been touched upon at all, yet it is one of the most important elements in the new system, the low tone of morality among the old race of nurses being most lamentable, especially in the matter of sobriety. It could scarcely be otherwise; when no care, animated and directed by religious principle, was taken for women engaged in a work most blessed in itself, but needing special watchfulness and thoughtful arrangements.

Nor is it only in our regular hospitals that such a system is sorely needed. There are, besides, our workhouse infirmaries, sad and forlorn refuges for the sick as well as the destitute. Few know anything of the sufferings to which their inmates are exposed through the very inadequate means provided for their care; though none can have walked through the seemingly endless rows of beds in any great city workhouse infirmary without feeling the heart sink at the bare sight of that cheerless home—at thought of the tragedies which end within their walls, uncomfited and unsoothed by any of the tender alleviations with which we surround the sick beds of our beloved ones.

Ten years ago there were a larger number of sick poor (7,685) in the forty-one workhouse infirmaries in London than in all the numerous hospitals in that city, which contained not quite 7,000 beds. For the nursing of these 7,685 sick poor, only 69 paid nurses were then employed, and of these only 25 had received any training whatever. They were assisted by about 800 pauper nurses and helpers. This would give an average of 111 patients and a fraction to each paid nurse—111 sick poor for whose proper treatment she was supposed to be responsible, for it has been remarked that "the idea of trusting a pauper nurse with anything of the nature of a stimulant for administration would be more charming for its simplicity than wise or politic either for herself or her patient." No marvel that under such a system the public should be from time to time scandalised by certain cases which have come to light. The marvel is how such a system could ever have been begun; how the "guardians" of the sick poor could ever have entrusted them to those to whom they would have trusted nothing else half so precious!

But, putting aside the consideration of the *quality* of the nurses, let us compare the quantity allotted to a given number of patients in workhouse infirmaries, with that in a well-managed hospital.

In University College Hospital the number of beds is 150; there are from 30 to 35 trained nurses and probationers (generally nearer the latter number than the former). They are under the superintendence of from 8 to 10 sisters, making a total of from 38 to 45 persons to minister to 150 patients.

King's College Hospital contains 172 beds, divided into wards of 13 or 26 beds. Miss Parry, the sister in charge, has kindly supplied the following information as to the nursing staff:—"To each single ward of 13, or double ward of 26 beds, there is a sister (fully trained and in the ward always) and a head-nurse. In each ward of 13 beds there is, besides, one assistant, and in each double ward one assistant and two probationers, on day duty. There is a head-nurse and assistant in each ward at night, besides two sisters for the whole hospital, one medical and one surgical. The whole number of nurses in the hospital is 35, besides 9 ward sisters and the sister in charge. In the above number the lady pupils are not reckoned."

This proportion, 45 to 172 beds, differs but slightly from that of University College Hospital. It is larger than would be actually needed, as many of the women are in training, and are engaged in other hospitals as fast as they are ready. We have said nothing of the advantages to the rich of such *dépôts*, where they may be sure to obtain a good private nurse. In our hospitals at present there are none to spare, and we have found by long experience that it is impossible to supply the demand made for nurses upon any good training school, or to prevent the nurses being overtaxed, and breaking down through overwork. "The most trying part of one's work is to refuse applications for nurses, the doctors get so cross," wrote lately the Lady Superintendent of a hospital, who had a large staff of unattached trained nurses for private cases.

We have thus tried to give some account of the state of things under both the old and new *régime* of hospital

nursing. If we feel that the latter is desirable—nay, most necessary; if we would in any measure fulfil our duty to the sick poor; if we marvel that it has not been widely adopted, and if it be asked where the fault lies, we say partly in the niggardliness of our alms. When reforms, which would entail expense, are pressed upon Boards of Hospitals, they answer, and with truth, that their funds barely allow of the present rate of expenditure being maintained; that they have no money with which to pay a Lady Superintendent, or to give larger wages to the nurses. For it is quite true that the system which we have advocated has one disadvantage, if it be such, as compared with the old system—it is more expensive. More expensive, that is, of money; far, far more economical of life and health.

It was the munificence of one gentleman, William Rathbone, Esq., which provided funds for carrying on the improved system of nursing in the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary; thus bringing the blessing of such ministrations as those of Agnes Jones, and of nurses trained by her, to the poorest and most forlorn, who have been specially committed to the care of their fellow-Christians, and notably so in their hour of suffering. They have a right to expect from us the fulfilment of this trust.

Bereavement and suffering come to rich and poor alike. We may not, oftentimes, by any care or skill save those for whose restoration to health we should have felt no sacrifices too great. But at least the rich have not the agony of feeling, that if proper care had been given, the desire of their eyes would have been restored to them. How can we better show thankfulness to Him who has spared us this worst pang than by trying to save others from it—those also who many times lose in a husband or father their bread-winner and only earthly stay?

But money is not all that is needed. If men whose time is gold have so given themselves to the care of the poor (and with a kindness which is proverbial) as to make our hospitals famous as schools

of medicine, they may at least expect that in "the most womanly of woman's work" women will take care that they are not a disgrace to us. "Then they plot, then they ruminate, then they devise; and what they think in their hearts they can effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect,"¹ ought to be true of women in a favourable as well as in a disparaging sense.

For indeed there is not one hard-hearted amongst us for a thousand who are thoughtless and careless; the frequent sight of all that is borne by others is wanting, and we allow that to go on unheeded, which if laid at our gate we could not endure to look upon. We live fenced round by comforts and by all the graces of life; fair flowers, for which we grudge no cost, fill our gardens, and we forget the living flowers

who droop and pine in our back streets; we listen to sweet sounds, and "the still sad music of humanity" does not reach our ears.

Yet not they alone, whom even a heathen might pity, wait for our care. The beautiful legend of the Queen who, laying a leper boy in her own bed, found there the radiant and Heavenly Child, is scarcely a myth; for in each poor and suffering form our eyes behold One, the Great Physician, the Good Samaritan, Who, pitying us with exceeding pity, such as man knows not, Himself healed our wounds; and being as a man taking a far journey, says to us concerning each one of His sick members, "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest, when I come again I will repay thee."

M. TRENCH.

¹ *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THE KHOJAS: THE DISCIPLES OF THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

II.

AGA KHAN'S own personal history has been adventurous and romantic. "His grandfather, Aboul Hassan, was governor, under the Zend princes, of the important city of Kerman. On quitting that office, Aboul Hassan went to reside in the district of Mehelati, where the family appear to have long had considerable possessions, and whence Aga Khan derives his territorial title. Mehelati is between Hamadan (the old Eebatana of the Medes) and Koom, the latter a city about midway between Ispahan and Teheran, and important as the burial-place of more than one of the Shahs of the Suffavi dynasty (the "Sofis" of Shakespeare)—of Fatima, the daughter of Imam Resa, the great saint of Persia, and more recently of Futteh Ali Shah—the second in succession of the Kajar, or now ruling dynasty, who, after a long reign extending from A.D. 1798 to A.D. 1834, lies buried here in one of the most superb mausoleums that have ever been raised even to a Moslem prince."

The father of Aga Khan, Shah Khalilullah, having for a time taken up his abode at a city of Yezd, the principal seat of the Parsis (the remnant of the Magians or Zoroastrians of ancient Persia), was slain there, with several of his household, in the year of Christ 1817, in the course of one of those tumultuary brawls which are not uncommon among the lawless mobs of the ill-policed Persian cities. "The news of this event," says Mr. Watson, in his *History of Persia*,¹ "was received with the greatest concern by the Shah, who dreaded lest he should be held responsible by the dangerous sect of the Ismailis for the death of their sacred chief. Futteh Ali Shah accordingly caused severe punishment to be inflicted upon all the chief assailants in this murderous fray; and he conferred on young Aga Khan (the

successor of his father in the Imamate) large possessions, in addition to those which had descended on him through his ancestors, the government of the entire district of Koom and Mehelati, and the hand of one of his daughters in marriage."

From this period (say 1818) nothing more is recorded of Aga Khan till the year 1838, when Mahomet Ali Shah, the third in succession of the Kajar dynasty, retreated from the disastrous siege of Harat, so memorably defended by Eldred Pottinger.

In that year Aga Khan raised the standard of revolt and seized the government of Kerman, where his grandfather had once presided, and where he himself had numerous adherents. A native Persian historian assigns as the reason for this revolt, that "Hadji Mirza Aghasi, who had been the tutor of Mohamet Ali Shah, was during the whole reign of his royal pupil (from 1834 to 1848) the prime minister of Persia. A Persian of very low origin, formerly in the service of Aga Khan, had become the chief favourite and minion of the all-powerful minister. This person, through his patron, had the impudence to demand in marriage for his son one of the daughters of Aga Khan, a grand-daughter of the late Shah-in-Shah! "This," says the Persian historian, "was felt by Aga Khan to be a great insult," and the request, though strongly pressed by the prime minister, was indignantly refused. Having thus made the most powerful man in Persia his deadly enemy, Aga Khan probably felt that his best chance of safety was to assert himself in arms—a course not uncommon with the great feudatories of disorganized Persia. Making Kerman his head-quarters, he kept up the fight with various fortunes till 1840, when, overpowered by numbers, he with difficulty made his escape, attended by a few horsemen, through the deserts of Belu-

¹ London, 1866, vol. i. 8vo. p. 192.

chistan, to Sind, where he was hospitably received by the Talpoor Ameer. In Sind he found no money difficulties to contend with. The Khojas of that province had always been amongst his most zealous adherents, and from them and his other Khoja devotees in various parts of India and the East he received ample supplies. That extraordinary levy the "Bukkus," described as a payment by Khojas to their spiritual head "of a tenth of their whole possessions," was probably last resorted to at this period of emergency and distress.

Supplied with such resources, "Aga Khan was able to raise and maintain a body of light horse, who, during the latter stages of the Afghan war (in 1841 and 1842), were subsidized by Captain (now Sir Henry) Rawlinson for service under General Nott in Candahar. He accompanied General England on his return to Sind. For these services, and for others which he was enabled to render to Sir Charles Napier in his conquest of Sind in 1843-44, Aga Khan received, and still enjoys, a pension from the British Government of India."

In 1845 Aga Khan came to Bombay, and was received with the cordial homage of the whole Khoja population of the city and its neighbourhood. He subsequently made an attempt to re-establish himself in the outlying Persian province of Bunder, a town on the frontiers of Meeran; but in consequence of the remonstrances of the Persian sovereign he was compelled to withdraw, and for a time to live at Calcutta. But for more than twenty years before the great trial Aga Khan had lived mainly at Bombay or Bangalore.

"His habit during this period has been occasionally to preside at the 'Jumât Khana,' or council-hall of the Bombay Khojas, on the more sacred anniversaries of the Mohametan Calendar. At the Moharrum he attends there with some state to hear the solemn recitation by Shia Moolas of the legend of the great martyrdom. On stated days he leads the 'Nimmaz' or daily prayer, in the Jumât Khana, and presides over the distribution of water mixed with the holy dust of Kerbela. Every week, on Saturday, when

in Bombay, he holds a *darbar* (*levée*), when all members of the Khoja community who please may attend and have the honour of kissing his hand.

"His yearly income, derived from his votaries in many various, and some very remote, parts of Asia, is said to average about 10,000*l.* sterling. Of this a considerable portion is spent by the Aga in horse-racing—a pursuit of which in Bombay he has always been one of the principal patrons."

The judge next investigates the question, who and what are the Khojas, and what have been their relations with the hereditary Imams of the Ismailis, the ancestors of Aga Khan?

He concludes that the "Khojas were originally Hindus of the trading class, inhabiting the villages and towns of Upper Sind. Their language is Sindi or Kutchee—a cognate dialect—and such ancient religious works as they possess are written in the Sind language and character. Sind, an early Mahometan conquest, has long had a large Mahometan population—but a considerable portion both of the retail and wholesale business of the country has always remained in the hands of the Hindus. These remote and isolated Hindu traders were converted to Islam by Pir Surdordin, a Dai, or missionary of the Ismailis, about 400 years ago."

The term Khoja means both "the honourable" or "worshipful" person, and "the disciple." As applied to the community converted by Pir Surdordin, it may, perhaps, fairly be translated "the honourable or worshipful converts."

From Sind the Khoja conversions spread into Kutch, Kattiawar, and through Guzerat to Bombay. Khoja communities are to be found in almost all the large trading towns of Western India, and on the seaboard of the Indian Ocean.

Allusion has already been made to their numbers on the east coast of Africa and Eastern Arabia. In Sind, they reckon 2,800 houses or families; in Kattiawar about 5,000. In Kutch and Guzerat their numbers are considerable; Bhoj, the capital of Kutch, having long been one of their principal seats. In Bombay

and its immediate neighbourhood they probably number about 1,400 families.

With some few exceptions, as at Muscat, the majority of the Khoja community outside Bombay are staunch adherents of Aga Khan.

Whenever a Khoja community is to be found, however small, its organization is the same.

The "Jumat" is the congregation of the people, an assembly in council of all the adult male members of the Khoja community of the place.

The "Jumat Khana" is the council-hall, or guildhall, of the community.

The "Mukhi" is the treasurer or steward; and the "Kamaria" the accountant.

The duty of these functionaries is to collect and forward for transmission to the Aga as Imam, wherever he may chance to reside, the contributions raised on his account by the Khoja community. "Account books for more than a century past were produced," at the trial in Bombay, "to show that for a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, from the very outset of their separate existence as a distinctive community, the Khojas have been in the habit of transmitting, as to their 'Sirkar Sahib' (lord and master), voluntary offerings (*zacât*), out of religious feeling (*dhurm*), to the Imam for the time being of the Ismailis, whom they revered as their "Moorshed," or "spiritual head."

These collections were sent to the Imams of the Ismailis in Persia, in the earlier and ruder times in coin or treasure, sent by special messengers (called "rais") in leathern bags (called "jowlies"), afterwards, as commercial facilities increased, by means of "hoondies" (bills of exchange), principally drawn upon and cashed at Muscat.

It was also a frequent practice with the Khojas to make pilgrimages into Persia for the sake of beholding and doing homage to their spiritual chiefs.

One witness in the Bombay trial gave a narrative of a pilgrimage of this kind that he made in 1836-37 to Kerman, where Aga Khan at the time happened to be residing. The witness, his father

and mother, a brother, and two sisters, with a party of about 100 other Khoja pilgrims, sailed from Bombay to Bunder Abbas, a port on the Persian coast, near the outlet of the Persian Gulf. They had offerings with them, in money and rich stuffs, to the value of about 2,000 sterling. They stayed some time at Bunder Abbas, waiting for other Khojas to collect there from other quarters before starting on their tedious and somewhat perilous journey of 21 days across the mountain ranges of Southern Persia from Bunder Abbas to Kerman. At length, about 500 Khojas having collected from all parts at Bunder Abbas, the caravan was formed and they made their way to Kerman. There they were lodged, at the expense of the Imam, in a large rude building, built round three sides of a great open court. They stayed in Kerman about a month or six weeks, during which period, having first made their offerings, they were admitted ten or twelve times to the presence of the Imam. "The Aga," says the witness, "sat on his musnud; we beheld his face, kissed his hand, and retired." It was for that they had come, and with that they were well satisfied.

"The pilgrimage and the presents cost the witness's father about 500*l.* of our money—a sum which, as the man was only a dealer in grain and dried fruits in a moderate way of business, seems to the modern English mind a somewhat considerable outlay to have made for such a purpose. But the West can never understand the East, especially the modern and mercantile West. To an Englishman of Chaucer's day such an expenditure for such an object might have appeared more intelligible, provided, of course, that the pilgrimage was made to a shrine or saint of Christendom, not of Paynimrie or Heathenese."

The judgment then details the principal regular payments which the Khojas were in the habit of making to their Imam, under various titles, such as "Contribution to the Lord of the Government," "Peace-offering to the Holy Father," &c.

"As a rule the Khojas have no musjids or mosques—in fact, the only Khoja musjid till very recently in existence was

that erected in A.D. 1822, in the Khoja burial-ground of Bombay. The Nimmaz, or daily prayers, among the Khojas, are repeated in their Jumat Khanas; and in order to complete the proof of the close and peculiar connection subsisting between the Khojas and their Moorshed, the Imam of the Ismailis, it may be mentioned that the pedigree of the Imam for the time being, from Ali through Ismail, is chanted three times a day as part of the service of the daily prayer, or Nimmaz, in a form of words called the 'Dowa,' throughout all the Jumat Khanas of the Khoja community, including the Jumat Khana of Bombay."

The judge then details many curious facts concerning the relations of Aga Khan with the Khojas of Bombay.

"His first recorded intercourse with them was one of controversy and strife. In 1829 the same party that was represented by the Aga's opponents in the suit, and who were known as the 'Barabhaie, or 'twelve brethren,' resisted the customary payment of the 'dussoon,' or percentage on income. Aga Khan, in order to overcome this opposition, sent to Bombay, as his special agent, Mirza Abdool Cassim, accompanied by a very energetic lady, the Aga's maternal grandmother, Marie Bibi, who herself appears to have harangued the Bombay Khojas in Jumat Khana assembled, and with very considerable effect, in support of the claims of their Moorshed."

We have not space to follow the very curious history of the descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain, fighting for his rights with such weapons as bills in the English Supreme Court of Bombay, replications and rejoinders drawn up by English counsel learned in the law, caste-meetings and out-castings after the orthodox Hindu fashion, controversies in native newspapers, and professions of faith inviting the orthodox disciples of this heretical off-shoot of Islam to conform to their ancient creed.

Once in the course of these feuds, just a quarter of a century ago, there was an apparent inclination to revert to the use of their old weapons; four Khojas of the party opposed to the Aga were set

upon and murdered in open day in the town of Mahim, but nineteen of the murderers were instantly arrested and brought to trial before Sir Erskine Perry at the December Sessions of 1850, and four were capitally sentenced and hanged.

From the reluctant admissions of a witness before Sir Joseph Arnould, who had himself been one of those who were arraigned, but acquitted, on the trial in 1850, it appeared that the bodies of these four murderers, after having been given up to the Khoja community of Bombay, were treated with unusual funeral honours.

It is worthy of note that on this occasion the enemies of Aga Khan are said to have imputed the murder to a revival of the ancient customs of the sect of Assassins. There was no legal ground for the charge, but its revival after such a long interval, during which this sect had been numbered among the most peaceable in Bombay, is a curious fact in religious history.

In 1850 the litigation which was concluded by Sir Joseph Arnould's judgment, commenced. We have anticipated most of the facts elicited during the trial which have an historical interest, with the exception of the judge's description of the curious modifications of Islamism which characterise the teaching of the Dai by whom the Khojas were first converted to that creed.

Their conversion was effected, as has been already noticed, by Pir Surdordin, who came from Khorasan as a Dai or missionary of one of the ancestors of Aga Khan, and converted the first Khojas to the Shia Imamee Ismaili form of Mahometanism. He lies buried at Ootch near Bhawalpore, where his descendants kept up his tomb, and where possibly he wrote the *Dussautar*, "the Book which has from the beginning been the accepted scripture," so to speak, of the Khoja sect. It is invariably read over Khojas at the point of death, and periodically at many festivals.

The judge then describes the *Dussautar*.

"It is a treatise in ten chapters containing (as indeed its name imports) the account of ten Avatars or Incarnations,

each dealt with in a separate chapter. The first nine of these chapters treat of the nine incarnations of the Hindu god Vishnu; the tenth chapter treats of the incarnation of the 'Most Holy Ali.'

No Suni could have composed, compiled, or adopted such a work as this; the idolatry of the first nine chapters—the semi-deification of Ali implied in the tenth chapter, alike render this utterly impossible.

On the other hand, it is precisely such a book as a Dai or missionary of the Ismailis would compose or adopt if he wished to convert a body of not very learned Hindus to the Imamee Ismaili faith. It precisely carries out the standing instructions to the Dais of the Ismailis, viz., to procure conversions by assuming, as in great part true, the religious standpoint of the intended convert. This is exactly what this book does: it assumes the nine incarnations of Vishnu to be true as far as they go, but not the whole truth, and then supplements the imperfect Vishnuvite system by super-adding the cardinal doctrine of the Ismailis, the incarnation and coming manifestation (or Avatar) of the 'Most Holy Ali.' When the book is read in the Jumat Khanas of the Khojas, it is this tenth chapter which is alone nowadays seriously attended to. When that chapter is commenced, the congregation of the people rises and remains standing till it is concluded, making profound reverences whenever the reader pronounces the name "Most Holy Ali."

Sir Joseph proceeds to account for the curious fact, fully established as he considers by the evidence, that, notwithstanding these semi-idolatrous tenets and practices, the Khojas in their funerals and in their marriages have followed the practices and rites of the Suni Mahometans.

The answer is "That the Khojas have observed these practices from the beginning out of 'Takhiah'—concealment of their own religious views and adoption of alien religious ceremonies from dread of persecution for religion's sake."

It has already been shown that

"Takhiah," in this sense, has been uniformly recommended by the teachings, and illustrated by the practice, of the Shia Imamee Ismailis.

The doctrine and practice of "Takhiah" is unknown to the Sunis; as the orthodox and dominant body of Islam they never had occasion for it; but it is frequently practised, as already seen, by the Shias, and it is still more deeply ingrained into the habits of the Ismailis, who, of all other sects, have been most obnoxious to the persecution of the fierce and orthodox Sunis.

Sir Joseph then goes on to illustrate the intolerance of Suni bigotry by very picturesque and typical quotations from the great work of Abd-ul-Kadur, a very learned Shia, much employed by the Emperor Akbar (A.D. 1546 to A.D. 1605) in the formation of the eclectic system of Deism which will be found so well described in Professor Max Müller's lectures.

"If," he adds, "such things could happen under the reign of the great and powerful Akbar to a Shia who enjoyed his close personal friendship, it may be easily understood what would in all probability have been the lot of the earlier Khojas if they had openly professed the hated faith of the Ismailis, and had not resorted to the Suni kazees for the celebration of their marriages, and to the Suni mosques and moolas for the performance of their funerals.

"To do so, indeed, was a matter of convenience, almost of necessity, as well as of 'Takhiah.' Even now, in wealthy and prosperous Bombay, Shia moolas, as it appears on the evidence, are not to be found without some difficulty; how were the Khojas, dispersed in remote and rural districts, and who, as the evidence in this case shows, had never any musjids of their own—how were they to get funeral ceremonies performed at all, unless they employed the sole agency they could find at hand—that of the Suni moolas officiating in the Suni mosques? As regards marriages, the principle of convenience was still more strongly in favour of celebrating them before the Suni kazees, who keep a regular and careful register,

capable of supplying easy and authoritative proof of the fact of marriage—a fact which is so often of great importance to have the means of establishing by legal proof.”

After giving further illustrations from the practices of the various religious sects among ourselves, Sir Joseph adds: “Motives of this class operate quite as strongly in the East as in the West, and it will be the strongest possible proof of the influence of the Aga over the Khoja community, if he ultimately succeeds in inducing them to abandon the long-established and convenient practice of celebrating their marriages before the Suni kazees.

“As to the argument that, though ‘Takiah’ might account for such compliance with the Suni practices in times of persecution, yet it could not account for their continuance after the dread of persecution had disappeared—this reasoning can have no force with those who consider the all but omnipotent power of use and wont in the ordinary usages of social life, and who reflect on the long continuance of practices and institutions (and that not only in the East) long after the reason of their first establishment and all sufficient grounds for their perpetuation have passed away.”

After noticing other deviations from orthodox Mahometan usage, Sir Joseph comments on what he justly considers as a typical instance of their neglect of pilgrimages to Mecca. He says—

“The evidence is, that not more than eight or ten Khojas in all can be named who from any part of India and the East have ever made the hadj, or pilgrimage to Mecca; and yet these same people, according to the same evidence, go in hundreds, nay, in thousands, to Kerbela, a pilgrimage quite as difficult, costly, and dangerous as that to Mecca, and which, though regarded by Shias as a pious duty, is regarded by Sunis as a superstitious act of folly, even if it be not a positively prohibited and unlawful practice.”

After detailing many other Shia practices, habitual among the Khojas, the judge sums up the points of difference by saying—

“The people who do these things—the people who omit to perform the hadj, but who crowd to Kerbela—the people who are zealous for the performance of all the most distinctive religious practices of the Shias, but who neglect to observe the most distinctive of all the religious practices of the Sunis; these people are not and cannot be Sunis—they may be either Shias, or Shia Imamee Ismailis; and the evidence in this case clearly shows they are the latter.”

One final proof may be adduced on this point, and that is the practice of making pilgrimages to Durkhana—a practice which, as has already been shown, was habitual with the Khojas from the beginning. “Until Aga Khan left that country in 1839-40, these pilgrimages were always made to some place or other in Persia, the country in which, from the fall of Alamut till the flight of Aga Khan, the hereditary chiefs of the Ismailis have throughout, as a rule, resided. Now, if there be one thing more than another which a Suni religiously avoids, it is the setting his foot, without compulsion, on the heretical soil of Persia.” And the judge gives some striking illustrations of the objections of orthodox Sunis, even under the greatest compulsion, to touch the soil or come in contact with the people of Persia.

Upon the whole, he comes to the conclusion that the Khoja community is “A sect of people whose ancestors were Hindu in original, which was converted to and has throughout abided in the faith of the Shia Imamee Ismailis, and which has always been and still is bound by ties of spiritual allegiance to the hereditary Imams of the Ismailis.”

The final result of this remarkable suit was to establish the right of Aga Khan to all the customary dues to which he was entitled by his position as spiritual head of the Khoja community, and to the possession of the formidable power of initiating sentences of excommunication to be subsequently carried out by the consent of an obedient body of disciples.

Since the trial, Aga Khan, secured by the decision of the English court in the peaceable enjoyment of his large income

and hereditary honours, has lived quietly at Poona, Bombay, or Bangalore. Like his ancestor "the Old One," of Marco Polo's time, he "keeps his court in grand and noble style." His sons, popularly known as "the Persian princes," are active sportsmen, and age has not dulled the Aga's enjoyment of horse-racing. Some of the best blood of Arabia is always to be found in his stables. He spares no expense on his racers, and no prejudice of religion or race prevents his availing himself of the science and skill of an English trainer or jockey when the races come round. Lads who learnt to ride on Epsom Downs may be seen carrying his colours to the front on horses bred in the stony valleys of Nedj. The Aga is always present, eyeing the contest with as keen an interest as forty years ago he would have watched a charge of horse on the plains of Khorasan or Kandahar. Otherwise he seldom appears in public; but if tidings of war or threatened disturbance should arise from Central Asia or Persia, the Aga is always one of the first to hear of it, and seldom fails to pay a visit to the Governor, or to some old friend high in office, to hear the news and offer the services of a tried sword and an experienced leader to the Government which has so long secured him a quiet refuge for his old age. His influence is much wider than was supposed when he first arrived in Bombay. In India it probably does not extend much beyond the Khoja community, who are chiefly settled in the maritime cities of the West, in Sind, the Punjab, and Cashmere. But the members of Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission to Yarkand ascertained that considerable communities of Shias who acknowledge "Aga Khan of Bombay" as their spiritual head, and send regular tribute to him through agents in Serinuggar and other towns of Northern India, are still to be found far north, surrounded by the implacable Sunis of Turkestan and Afghanistan. These Imamee Ismaili Shias form the whole of the sparse population in many of the valleys leading down from the Pamir, the elevated "Roof of the World," on the banks of the higher Oxus, and its affluents—in Chitral, Gilgit,

and in remote valleys between Kaffristan and Badakshan hardly known to us except by name.

In Persia, Khorasan, and Western Afghanistan, there appear to be considerable numbers of the Aga's disciples, but they seldom, if they can help it, avow their allegiance to him whilst living under a Suni government. In Persia they are still dreaded by the Shia rulers, who have not forgotten the old traditions of Alamut, and it is not improbable that many of the Aga's disciples perish in the blind ruthless persecutions which from time to time are instituted with a view to exterminate the Babu fanatics, so feared by the Persian Government as a secret association of rebels and heretics. In the maritime towns of the Persian Gulf and Eastern Arabia, especially under the comparatively tolerant rulers of Oman, the Khojas flourish, frequently having, in some form or another, a claim to protection as British Indian subjects. On the African coast they are found, as we have seen, in the same ports where Vasco de Gama found them, as far south as Mozambique. It is probable that, to this day, if a traveller wished to visit the central lakes of Africa, or the Ruby or Jade mines of Badakshan in Central Asia, he could not do better than procure introductions from the descendants of the "Old Man of the Mountain" to his disciples in those parts.

The history of the sect, and its present condition, deserve more than such slight passing notice as we have been able to give them. Von Hammer's work¹ scarcely does justice in its English translation to either the romantic or the political interest of the subject. The combination of circumstances which led to the terrible success of such a hideous system; the methods of a propaganda so efficient in the face of such fiery opposition, and bearing in some respects such a startling resemblance to methods in use under other creeds—the permanent weakness and inefficiency of simple persecution, however unrelenting, to suppress error, even when such error was apparently most abhorrent to the common sense of mankind—the vitality

¹ Von Hammer's *History of the Assassins*, translated by Wood; London, 1835.

of opinion so persecuted, and the strange changes of fortune by which the history of such opinions came to be tested, and the rights of those holding them to be weighed by English judges in our own day, acting under authority delegated by a successor of Cœur de Lion;—all these features, apart from the romance of the story, have much to tempt the historian and philosopher. No part of Marco Polo has had a stronger hold on the imagination of his readers than his chapters on the "Old Man of the Mountain," and no one could be better fitted than the accomplished translator of the old Venetian to do justice to such a history. Or, if Colonel Yule declined the task, we might hope that Sir Joseph Arnould would employ a brilliant pen, which has seldom been idle since he won the Newdigate in his undergraduate days, to write a history the salient points of which he has already studied in the great trial from the records of which we have so largely quoted.

Our account of the Aga and his disciples would be incomplete without noticing, among the many strange episodes in his chequered career, the visits with which he was honoured by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales when they were in India.

Von Hammer, gives from Rymer's *Fadera*,¹ the text of the letter purporting to have been sent by the Old Man of the Mountain, circa A.D. 1192, to Leopold, Duke of Austria, with a view to exculpate "the Lord Richard, King of England" from any complicity in the assassination of Conrad, Lord of Tyre and Marquess of Montferrat. The letter is declared by Von Hammer to be a contemporaneous forgery, designed to facilitate the release of Richard Cœur de Lion, who was then a prisoner in the hands of Leopold; but it is doubtless such a letter as it was then supposed the "Old Man" might have written, and the avowal of the order to assassinate the Marquess, in revenge for an injury to one of the Old Man's brethren, as well as the assertion "Know ye for certain that we slay no man in this world for any gain or reward, unless he have first injured us," may be supposed

to be in character, and in keeping with what was then known of the usual motives of the Assassins.

In strange contrast to this letter is one now before me, written nearly seven centuries later in excellent English, in which Aga Khan, having heard of the Prince of Wales's intention to visit India, sends a commission to invite the Prince to honour him with a visit. The Aga reminds his correspondent of their former friendship, and of the visit with which he had been honoured by the Duke of Edinburgh, and begs that if the Prince of Wales intended to return the visits of any native noblemen, his (the Aga's) claims to be so honoured may not be overlooked:—"If the honour be obtained for me, I shall spare neither trouble nor expense in making the entertainment fit and worthy of the presence of His Royal Highness."

When the Prince of Wales arrived in Bombay the Aga called to pay his respects, and in person repeated his invitation, which was graciously accepted. Before leaving Bombay the Prince delighted the old Chief by returning his visit. They sat in front of a great portrait of Futtah Ali Shah, the King of Persia, whose daughter the Aga had married, inspected the Aga's race-cups won on the Indian Turf, and his son's trophies of the Indian chase, and talked over some of the events of a life as varied and adventurous as that of his ancestor, Cœur de Lion's contemporary.

There can be little doubt that the visit has by this time been described and discussed in many a meeting of the Aga's followers—in India, Persia, and Arabia—on remote shores of Eastern Africa, and in still more inaccessible valleys of Central Asia, and it will doubtless find a place in the annals of this singular sect for many generations to come.

Few, perhaps, at the time, thought of the historical memories which the visit recalled, and the objections which some authorities on Oriental matters expressed on hearing of the Prince's intention to visit the Aga would have been lessened had they reflected on the width and depth of the gulfs which separate the various sects of Islam.

It is noteworthy that the Wahabis and

¹ Pages 132 and 225, note C.

Sunni fanatics who have earned such an evil name for their co-religionists in India have hitherto found no imitators among the Indian Shia sects. In the eyes of the Aga and his followers, the British Government of India can hardly appear in any other light than as the one really tolerant power they know, securing to them liberty to follow their own views in religion, and equality before the law, such as they would seek in vain in most parts of Islam.

The Aga knows something from experience of other courts, and from the

point of view of those who can persecute as well as from that of the persecuted, he has seen something of active religious and political rancour, when it has the mastery over rivals. To him, therefore, there can be little doubt that the gracious courtesy of his Royal guest was no unfit nor ungrateful emblem of that tolerant and powerful rule under which the Aga passes in affluence and tranquillity the evening of a life whose earlier years left few memories save those of revolution and bloodshed.

H. B. E. FRERE.

SPRING IN AUGUST.

WHERE the gray rock shadow throws,
There the purple primrose grows ;
Long ago her sister fair
Blossomed in our English air :
Spring is over in the dale,
Where once bloomed that sister pale.
He who will the mountain climb
Feels again the sweet spring-time,
Where the melting snow in rill
Hastens down the lake to fill,
And the rocks are blushing red
With the tiny campion's head,
Not a footstep but doth press
On some sweet new loveliness :
Spring, too long asleep, alights
Fresh and pure on these lone heights.
From the hot and dusty vale,
Where bold summer doth prevail,
Let us hasten here away,
With shy spring on hills to play ;
Where she lingers we would fain,
Greet her year by year again.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

Eternina Hospice.

"THE GERM."

"Of all the errors which men commit," says George Eliot, "prophecy is surely the most gratuitous." There can be no question that it is not a thing to be lightly undertaken; some strong assurance of inspiration should be considered an advisable preliminary before the prophet's mantle is assumed. But there is one way of practising this gift which, it will be confessed, takes off a great part of its element of rashness, a form of seership which we may claim as rather the peculiar gift of modern days, and it is no wonder that, once introduced, it should have numerous votaries—that is, prophesying after the event. To know of any people at any past time, how inevitable it was that they should have accomplished their destiny in one particular way, how the great man or the great event were foreseeable resultants of the movements which had gone before, gives not only a keen satisfaction to the prophet himself, but even a kind of tickling pleasure to the mind of his audience, not unlike the state of feeling with which we peruse a too-exciting novel, when we have taken the wise precaution of first peeping into the third volume to assure ourselves that all comes right in the end.

Endowed with this prophetic vision, as we look with equanimity at past times, and the colossal intellects which mark them, we see how each expressed exactly the spirit of his own age, and nothing else; and to find out this, becomes the more easy, because we take the colossal intellect as the interpreter of the age in which he lived. But when we come to our own time, and have to exchange the prediction after the event for the more awkward process of real prophecy, when we have to pronounce which is the colossal intellect which will outlive all others, the task becomes less easy. The survival of the fittest

will not help us now, until the future shall reveal who is the fittest. Shall we say that Lord Macaulay or Mr. Carlyle, Thackeray or George Eliot, Mr. Browning or Mr. Swinburne, may claim to be in an especial sense imbued with "the spirit of the age?" The student of contemporary history must play a humbler part. We at any rate will not presume to prophesy. Of the rapid movements of our day, of the revolutions which come tumbling upon each other's heels with such pell-mell rapidity, we will not attempt to say which is destined to be the most permanent and effective. We shall have enough to do if we only note what is passing.

Among such contemporary revolutions of thought, there can be no question that the one which the title of this article recalls to the mind is not the least interesting. It is just a quarter of a century since a literary and artistic periodical called *The Germ* was set on foot, to give expression to the views of a clique of young artists, in eager opposition to the prevailing taste of the day, and bound together, so they then believed, by a common feeling, a sort of mediævalism in taste, from which they took their name of Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. In this little band were grouped men who have since risen to the very highest eminence, such men as Millais, Holman Hunt, the Rossettis, and Woolner. Yet, though *The Germ* counted among its contributors the last three names, with others scarcely less distinguished subsequently, and some whose early death alone prevented them from being their worthy rivals, though it contained such poems as Mr. Woolner's *Beautiful Lady*, and Mr. Rossetti's incomparable *Blessed Damozel*, the periodical could not make its way, and was abandoned after the first four numbers had appeared. Since then the whirligig

of time has brought in ample revenges, and ample compensation for these neglected enthusiasts. But with success has come disintegration. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was not so united as it believed it was. Hope and youthful *Schwärmerei* saw Millais and Holman Hunt and Rossetti, fighting side by side against Philistinism, as if all three were of one mind and one heart. Now neither Millais nor Holman Hunt are more separated from the painters of the old bad Copley-West era which preceded them, than they have become separated from each other; nor again are these two more divided than both are from the two Rossettis, and many other writers of the same school, whose names are connected with the starting of *The Germ*. Yet seldom has unconscious prophecy been more happy than in the name which was bestowed upon this periodical—though the name had even a shorter life than *The Germ* itself—for in the womb, so to speak, of the earlier revolution, was laid the seed of that more important contemporary movement which yet wants an historian and a name. However unlike the modern school—still sometimes called Pre-Raphaelite—in which are grouped the names of Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris, Swinburne, and many others, from the thought and feeling of the Pre-Raphaelism of *The Germ*, it is not the less true that the modern school is the legitimate descendant of the older "Brotherhood."

Pre-Raphaelitism, except as a convenient designation, has now but little meaning. But it was not so at first. Half a century ago witnessed the rise of a great reaction towards real mediævalism which in England was most conspicuous in the sphere of religion, while on the Continent, or at least in Germany, it had a decided effect upon art. Pre-Raphaelitism, properly so-called, was produced by both these influences, in part the child of the "Oxford movement," in part of the artistic mysticism of the Continent. Thus, like the seed-vessels of nature, *The Germ* appears as both the fruit of an earlier movement

and the beginning of a new; and like them, too, it reminds us more of the tree from which it sprung than that which afterwards sprang from it. It has a distinctly mediæval character. Or at least—for one should shun the headstrong temerity which can take upon itself to pronounce what is the character of the vague period known as the Middle Ages—it has succeeded in catching one great characteristic of the Christian art before the *Renaissance*. If we were to attempt to express this characteristic in a word, we should call it motionlessness, and if we wanted to illustrate our meaning by an opposite, we could not choose any better examples than have been left by the genius of Raphael, so that it is not without reason this peculiar tone of artistic feeling has been called Pre-Raphaelite. In the maturer works of Raphael—those which we essentially consider *his*—nothing commands our admiration, almost our awe, so much as the display of rapid movement or the power of it. In the picture of *St. Michael and Satan* in the Louvre, for instance, with what god-like irresistible power the archangel seems to have swept down upon his foe! Or again in the still finer *Heliodorus* in the Vatican, how do we almost tremble to stand in the way of the angels' rushing footsteps. How, too, in our own cartoons do we see the artist half intoxicated by the sense of his power. But in the earliest Raphaels, in those pictures where he joins hands with his great master, or in the pictures of that master Perugino, himself, all is changed. We have passed from earth to—heaven is it, or only dreamland? See how those solid-looking angels stand poised in mid-air. We are not the least surprised to see them there; no more is the saint below. That saint will never rise from his prayer. There is no need for the angels to use their wings; nor will any breeze ever move the stiff leaves of the olive trees, or ruffle the blue sea beyond. Something of this quality of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures has been seized by their modern imitators, and some trace of that same *stillness* has

descended from these to the so-called Pre-Raphaelitism of to-day. It is a stillness of thought as well as of action, not so much a want of emotion as a want of change of emotion. We see this very much in two poems of *The Germ*, whose subject is death, Mr. Woolner's *My Lady in Death* and Mr. Rossetti's *My Sister's Sleep*. Take this verse from the former—

"Her gaze, grown large with fate, was cast,
Where my mute agonies
Made more sad her sad eyes :
Her breath caught with short plucks and
fast :—
Then one hot choking strain.
She never breathed again :
I had the look which was her last :
Even after breath was gone,
Her love one moment shone—
Then slowly closed and hope for ever
passed"—

and compare it even—we say advisedly even—with any verse out of *In Memoriam*, and our meaning is made clear. There is power about this, but it is the power of stillness and not of emotion.

The same feeling is apparent in Mr. Holman Hunt's contributions to the volume, two etchings, one of which is a singularly beautiful illustration for the just-quoted poem of Woolner's. A man lies at full length upon a grave, prostrate, but not wild with grief. Behind him, a bell tolls from a Gothic porch or screen, and in the background cowed figures move forward slowly two and two. The delicacy and faithfulness of the etchings are beyond praise. This and the one above it, representing *My Beautiful Lady* plucking some grass out of a brook, are by far the best drawings in the book. They recall—as Mr. Hunt's pictures to our thinking always do—the early Flemish school rather than the Italian. Somewhere a good way behind this, we should place the next illustration by James Collinson, representing *The Child Jesus* surrounded by other children, and, with a touch of the *Peruginesque*, filled full of the high-church thought and taste of this particular time. The other two etchings which these numbers contain, though

one of them is by Madox Brown, do not seem to us deserving of especial praise.

Of the poems which the numbers contain we have mentioned three. *My Beautiful Lady*, indeed, appears in a form very different from that in which it has since been published. But the latter form is certainly the best. By far the best poem of all, however, is Mr. Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*, which alone deserves to stand side by side with Mr. Hunt's etchings. Even of this, however, the earlier form is far inferior to the shape in which it is now known to us, though those who remember the poem's first appearance will bear an affectionate recollection of some of the earlier lines, as for instance,

"Her blue grave eyes were deeper much,
Than a deep water, even";

now replaced by

"Her eyes were bluer than the depths,
Of water stilled at even."

Somehow, too, it were difficult to explain exactly why, the earlier form is more in harmony with the other writings of the paper in which it appears. Since then, after the breaking-up of the old Pre-Raphaelite "idea," the author seems to have withdrawn his poem farther up into that unapproachable imaginative height in which he reigns supreme. There are many other pieces in *The Germ* well worth reading. Before bidding adieu to it, therefore, we will quote one sonnet by Mr. Madox Brown, not because of any representative character which it has, but because its merit makes it well worth preserving :

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

"John Boccaccio, love's own squire, deep
sworn,
In service to all beauty, joy, and rest,—
When first the love-earned royal Mary
press'd
To her smooth cheek his pale brows, pas-
sion-worn,
'Tis said he by her grace nigh frenzied,
torn
By longings unattainable addressed
To his chief friend most strange mis-
givings, lest
Some madness in his brain had then been
born.

The artist-mind alone can feel his meaning,
Such as have watched the battle-rank'd
array

Of sunset, or the face of girlhood seen in
Line-blending twilight, with sick hope.

Oh! they

May feed desire on some fond bosom leaning,
But where shall such their thirst of nature
stay!"

It is not for its contents only that *The Germ* has an especial interest for us. Most of the more distinguished contributors to *The Germ* have, as has been said, since grouped themselves with an alliance more or less intimate into that new school of art and poetry which is rendered illustrious by the names of Rossetti, Burne Jones, Morris, Swinburne. We may, if we like, call this school more in allusion to its descent than its character, the New Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. What is the peculiar nature of this school, what the position it holds in the present, the effect it will have upon the future? it is surely time we begin to ask ourselves. One thing we certainly observe about it, and that is, that it is self-evolved and individual. It has not the faintest resemblance to other contemporary schools, either of art or poetry. It draws no inspiration from any English painters, from the best—from Reynolds, from Gainsborough, or from Turner—more than from the worst, from Laurence, Copley, or West. Nor is the school of poetry more unlike Coleridge or Wordsworth than it is to Shakespeare and Milton. And yet, again, allowing, for individual differences, there is among its members a singular unity. Seldom do we find at any time a number of men such as the four we have mentioned just now, to whom we may add the names of Leighton and Poynter, all men of genius, yet all, too, under the influence of one strong central idea. What is that idea? Could we answer that question we should surprise the secret of the new movement.

The absence of pleasure and of poetry in the routine of our daily life, has become a by-word and a reproach from all writers who are themselves capable of knowing what beauty and poetry are.

The outside furniture of modern life is a thing too large and ugly to be blinked at. We cannot shut our eyes and ears against railroads and great screaming manufactories and monster hotels. The spreading of the hideous town, with all its attendant vulgarity and squalor, is too apparent; and unless we are quite free from some germs of natural poetry, unless we are content to be men of common sense only, mere ten-pound householders and political economists, we cannot but be grieved at what we see, and being grieved we cannot but wish to turn aside and look at something more sightly. And if that *something* be no longer to be found in the actual world without, we have still, by the divine power of imagination, the certainty of creating some shadow of it in the world within. Almost all the great minds of the day have felt this imperative need to get to some extent out of the present; and the greater minds, it should never be forgotten, claim their chief interest in this, that they reflect only more vividly the thoughts of a thousand others. Thus John Henry Newman shows us the longing of a great mind for a religious past, as Mr. Ruskin does for an artistic; while Carlyle displays the same feeling, influencing a character naturally one of action. Tennyson is, of all writers, the most modern, for he is at his best when dealing with thoughts and feelings which belong to us of the nineteenth century. Even Mr. Browning, though his genius is not of an age, seems, to satisfy his poetical craving, to have "gone over to Italy" in much the same sense that Dr. Newman has gone over to Rome. Thus has each in his individual way some balm and solace for the too prosaic world in which he lives; and the new Pre-Raphaelites have their own especial medicine for the same complaint, but different from any of these.

Their endeavour is both more extended and at the same time less easy to analyse than the others. They turn not their eyes merely upon some particular period of the past, save with the

hope of reviving its spirit in the present. Their effort always is to bring back the world to the days of its childhood. The world must have had a childhood once, we feel sure, when everything was much more new and wonderful than it is now, when time seemed almost endless, as it does to children. If we could only bring back again that golden age? The wish is as natural as our wish to return to the days of our own childhood. It is a wish so universal, that no poetry of any epoch has been without it; even that of a time which we look back upon as the realization of our very ideal of a childish age, has looked back with as much faith to the golden age which had passed long before its time. "Antiquity, thou wondrous charm, what art thou!" says Elia, "that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself, being to thyself, flat, jejune, *modern*!" There is nothing wonderful in thus looking back, but there is a difference in what we see in the past. The New Pre-Raphaelites seem to realise most distinctly the ideal of childhood in its two main features, vivid enjoyment of the pleasures of sense, and freedom from moral responsibility. Wordsworth, who, as one of the first to raise the standard of revolt against the coming oppressive reign of mechanism and of law, felt and expressed many different phases of the same universal reaction was not altogether out of sympathy with this feeling:—

"There are who ask not if thine eye,
Be on them; who in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth,"

he says in his *Ode to Duty*, feeling strongly the joyful freedom which belongs to childhood. But the new school has added to this a keen love of the mere pleasures of sense which was quite absent from the constitution of Wordsworth. They are not vicious,

or for the most part they are not, but they must enjoy, and above all things they must purge from their minds the knowledge of good and evil, the enemy, they will have it, of art. A state of enjoyment where the outward pleasures of mere sensation are felt with a keenness which is unknown to us now, and yet—and there is some inconsistency here—with a certain esoteric refinement of artistic feeling, is the picture they are constantly drawing of the past. It matters not whether their ideal life be cast among the old Hellenes, or no farther back than the time of Chaucer, it is such a mere child of the imagination that its essentials are always the same. And to make the picture less realistic from the historical point of view, over all is thrown a shadow of melancholy from the mind of the poet or the artist himself. We feel ourselves wandering with them in a delightful dream, but all the while haunted by the feeling that it is but a dream:—

"Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,
Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,
Still long for that which never draweth
nigh,
Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,
Some weight from off my fluttering mirth
to lift!
— Now when far bells are ringing, 'Come
again,
Come back past years! why will ye pass in
vain!'"

And this is the characteristic of all the artists and all the poets of this school. Take, for instance, Mr. Burne Jones. The reader who has seen one of his pictures has looked upon the epitome and essence of what is most individual in this the New Pre-Raphaelite, or, as we might call it, the sensuous school. Those fair, sad faces and graceful figures are common to all Burne Jones's pictures. Whether the subject be taken from Chaucer, or from a classic poet, or be but some allegorical vision of the artist, there is no essential difference of shape, or pose, or expression. And yet they are above all things individual. They have not the especial beauty of the classic times, which is of form, nor of the Pre-Raphaelite times,

which is of expression, nor of the *Renaissance*, which is of colour, but a beauty made up of all these, "compounded," like Jaques' melancholy, "of many simples, extracted from many objects," and, above all, imbued most strongly with the expression of that internal longing whose often rumination by the disciples of this school "wraps them in a most humorous sadness."

But those who are not much acquainted with the art of the school may well enough realize all this in reading its poetry; indeed, if they have any sympathetic imagination, they will find it impossible not to realize it. It breathes in every page of their writing, and, with a variety of temperament, in much the same degree in the poetry of all; so that each separate member is most like one instrument of an orchestra, and their united effect one harmony, in which all share, a siren song calling to the world to abandon the good and evil of modern life, the self-assertion, the struggle for existence, as well as the weight of moral responsibility and the hopes of religion:—

"Come to the land where none grows old,
And none is rash and over-bold,
Nor any noise there is of war,
Nor rumour from wild lands afar,
Nor plagues, nor birth and death of kings;
No vain desire of unknown things,
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still,
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye."

This is the message they have to give us, the panacea they offer for the evils of life; and it is not without reason that we have called them the sensuous school. For the main inspiration to this tone of feeling may be called a sort of self-contemplative sensuousness. It is a quite different thing from sensuality, and indeed has no necessary connection with it. But it is likewise quite a different thing from sensuousness which is not self-contemplative, from that power of enjoyment which belongs to childhood, to the childhood of mankind more than its maturer age, to some nations more than others, and

which seems to have been the peculiar birthright of the sons of Hellas. The self-conscious sensuousness of the modern school is very different from this, but it has a beauty and a charm of its own, a charm which has a paramount attraction to some minds. It demands a peculiar—shall we say refinement? or better, perhaps, peculiar *tension*—of the poetic sense, to enter quite into this feeling; but many may come within a respectable distance of acquiring it. Of all the new Pre-Raphaelite poets, Morris is, we think, most imbued with its spirit, most endowed with this tuneful responsiveness and the first of the great Triad, and Swinburne, of the three, the least so and the last. Yet Swinburne is perhaps generally considered the greatest genius of the three. His gift is indeed of a coarser and more measurable kind than that of his fellows. After all is said, it must be confessed that his greatest claim to immortality lies in his immense command of verbal sounds—a gift in which he stands supreme. This everybody can appreciate. It requires no mental superiority to recognise the harmony of such lines as the oft-quoted—

"What ailed us, O gods, to desert you,
For the creeds which refuse and restrain;
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain!"

or the still more melodious—

"I came as one whose feet half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore."

And once read it must be confessed that they have a haunting fascination, which forbids us to forget them. But surely this is not enough to make up a great poet, and there is not much else of genuine poetry to be found in Swinburne. The sound is so exquisite that it seems like an impertinence to ask after the sense. No one but a "Philistine" would dream of trying how far he could realize the idea of one whose feet half linger, half run before; but if such tests were applied to Swinburne's poetry, about half the lines

throughout would, we feel pretty sure, be found devoid of almost any meaning—and these by no means the least popular he has produced. And if, rigidly shutting our ears against his music, we set ourselves honestly to inquire what is the meaning of the remainder, what is his contribution of thought or imagination to the poetic store, we shall find, we venture to assert, that there is very little indeed.

What, then, is the cause of Mr. Swinburne's great popularity? it may be asked; for we do not think so ill of human nature as to suppose there are many who have great sympathy with the lower side of Mr. Swinburne's mind, or take delight in the sickening detail of mere passion in its most revolting form. In the first place the mere vacuity of meaning wedded by the melody of sound cannot be without attractions to imaginative minds. M. Gustave Doré has almost revolutionised the art of wood-engraving by the discovery of what an appeal to the imagination may be made by mere *absences*, mere unfathomable blacknesses or endless space of white. Doré's art is indeed in great part a trick, but it is a trick which is more successful with the ill-regulated, imaginative minds than with the dull. Another art which Swinburne shares with Doré, and which is less creditable to the admirers of either, is in that great exaggeration of colour, that perpetual dealing in flame and blood which some mistake for power, but is rather the substitution of lime-light effects for the subdued harmony of nature. How strangely do Shakespeare's most passionate passages sound after a dramatic fragment of Swinburne! And lastly, there is one other reason arising from the position which poetry now holds among us, which applies not to Swinburne only, but to all the poets of his school. Poetry is as much read now-a-days as ever. But by a larger number than formerly it is read only as a recreation from what they would have to be more serious and important studies, from politics, from philosophy, and above all

from science. Poetry has therefore lost some part of her position and character. She is a mistress rather than a wife; no longer a constant companion, but a relaxation for moments when the mind is too fatigued for serious thought. So it is that she is freed from any serious responsibility. Let her be amusing and distracting, and she need be no more. What wonder then if among the lighter minds who read poetry in this way, Swinburne should be pre-eminently a favourite; for he of all men demands least intelligent response on the part of the reader.

Yet for all that Swinburne has not much to offer beside the melody of his verse, he brings a genuine contribution to the storehouse of the new school, and in his unrivalled power of sound he expresses the culmination of a phase common to all his fellows. To all of them the manner is at least as important as the matter, and there is nothing it is to be observed which more effectually lulls criticism than the right adjustment of these two. As an admirer of Mr. Browning one cannot but own to the ruggedness and obscurity of some of his lines, and however high a merit we may claim for the *idea*, his deficiency in these outward dressings is too apparent to be denied to the commonest capacity. But in some of Rossetti's poems we seem to find the very perfection both of the idea and its clothing. In *Love's Nocturn*, for instance, one stands in almost breathless wonder at the management of the rhyme and metre, as well as the extraordinary imaginative tension—to use our old word—of such a verse as this:—

"Vaporous, unaccountable,
Dreamland lies forlorn of light,
Hollow like a breathing shell;
Ah! that from all dreams I might
Choose one dream and guide its flight,
I know well
What her sleep should tell to-night;"

or where he would ask for his own image from dreamland, to send it to his mistress:

"Ah! might I by thy good grace,
Groping in the windy stair,

(Darkness and the breath of space,
Like loud waters, everywhere,) Meeting mine own image there,
Face to face,
Send it from that place to her !"

But if her heart is another's, then his image shall return to him again :

" Like a vapour wan and mute,
Like a flame so let it pass ;
One low sigh across her lute,
One dull breath against her glass ;
And to my sad soul, alas !
One salute
Cold as when death's foot shall pass."

The *Blessed Damozel* is a still higher flight, though for some cause undefined it does not seem to enthrall the imagination quite so much as does *Love's Nocturn*.

Mr. Morris has the same power, with all the superiority which belongs to good long poems over good short ones. His hold upon our minds is that of a linked sweetness long drawn out; no quotation could give an adequate idea of the power he obtains over us. Perhaps one of his finest passages is that where he tells of the last evening in King Pelias' hall before the setting out of Argo :

" Meanwhile all men spoke hotly of the quest
And healths they drank to many an honoured man,
Until the moon sank, and the stars waxed wan,
And from the east faint yellow light outshone,
O'er the Greek sea, so many years ago."

It is a perfect glamour; while it lasts it is irresistible.

But the worst of it is it will not last, at least with men in a natural and healthy condition of mind it will not. No sooner have we risen from their poetry than the fascination of the picture seems to fade away like a summer dream. The effort required to recall it becomes greater and greater. We see it well enough while we are in the vein. The maidens' "bodies white" or decorously clothed in blown blue gowns with a proper background of dark-green leaves, come before us as

vividly from reading their poetry as from the art of the school itself. But in poetry, and in art too for that matter, we want something more than this, and above all something more nearly in harmony with the spirit of the age. After all there is nothing at all like this Pre-Raphaelite earthly paradise in the world around us; to live in a mere dream of it supposes not only that keen emotional feeling for all things beautiful, which is of the very essence of poetry, but, as has been said, a kind of self-regarding sensuousness, a stimulated and simulated sensitiveness, a "weak-eyed tunefulness of nature" far removed from the robustness which belongs to the highest genius. We have dwelt upon the merits of the sensuous school, and they well deserve to be dwelt upon; but when all has been said it will be confessed that they offer us but a poor salve for the rubs and scratches of everyday life. We turn from them with a sigh, one half of relief and half of regret.

But if, turning from them, we take up one of those poets who are not representatives of a sect or of a school, who are individual and unique, our regrets will soon diminish. Where would be the place for Shakespeare or Milton, for Æschylus or Dante in the earthly paradise we have been conceiving? We at once feel how improbable it is that there ever was such a languid childish era, or at any rate how little suitable it is to the advanced mental culture of our days. It is certain we find no trace of it in the four poets we have mentioned. They were far from adopting the advice we saw lately given by a writer of the sensuous school to abandon the unprofitable studies of politics and metaphysics. Imagine Dante abandoning politics, or Milton metaphysics. It was that power of living fully the life of their own time, of embodying in themselves the very complete feeling of their own age, that has made these poets not the poets of one age or time. It is the want of this power that stamps the sensuous school with inferiority.

"Who's alive ?

Our men seem scarce in earnest now ;
Distinguished names ! but 'tis, somehow,
As if they played at being names,
Still more distinguished, like the games
Of children."¹

It is in fact a kind of affectation. They are acting a part, and the whole long train of minor poets and artists are acting in imitation of them. Now there is nothing more fascinating to the mind than an occasion for exercising its mimetic talents, nor anything better calculated for the formation of a society or clique than the opportunity it gives for that unconscious or half-conscious acting to which properly belongs the name of hypocrisy. It would seem as if human beings preferred presenting feeling to possessing it, so ingrained in us is the love of playing a part or assuming a pose. One cannot exonerate the modern or for that matter the old Pre-Raphaelite school from a touch of this kind of hypocrisy. They have a genuine love and feeling for art, it is true, and the debt we owe them for reviving some love of art in England is almost incalculable. But one cannot believe that they are given up to artistic emotions to quite the same extent they would have us fancy, so entirely buried in an ideal world as to be utterly deaf to the problems of the life they are living. Or, if they are so, we cannot follow them into their lotus-dream, and, what is more, we would not if we could. We find we must resign the hope that they can give us any effectual charm against those evils of life which we know they proposed to cure. We had better turn to some poets whose sympathies are wider. We cannot get rid of the steam-engine and the manufacturing so easily as we thought we could, but the world need not be devoid of poetry for all that. It would rather seem as if Providence had bestowed upon us some poets of the highest class who are peculiarly independent

of what is called local colouring. It is our own fault if we can go through life without ever meeting with a Jaques, an Antonio, or a Portia ; while this age is, again, more than commonly fitted for the indulgence of those moral, political, religious meditations which give such depth and dignity to the verse of Milton. The fact is that if the world has so long since passed out of its childhood, and advanced into the more prosaic, and at the same time more responsible era of manhood, it will do its part better by trying to live thoroughly the life it has to live. Nothing can be gained by routing out old hobby-horses, or falling again to play at bricks and dolls. We have found out that they are only puppets, and all the "pretending" in the world cannot bring us to forget our discovery.

If then the external life of this nineteenth century is so ugly, we cannot hope to mend it much by make-believe of the Pre-Raphaelite character. By all means cultivate the love of art and beauty, and art and beauty may yet have something in store for future generations. For our own days we cannot look for any great improvement. We must be content to go through the world half blind from the frequent want of anything worth looking at. But that will be no reason why the deficiency should be unsupplied by any fount of poetry from within. Milton may teach us otherwise :

"Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even and morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her
power
Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from
thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

C. F. KEARY.

¹ Browning's *Waring*.

HOMER AND DR. SCHLIEMANN.

THE excavations of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad have placed on a new basis the vexed question as to the site of Troy. Homerology (to use the word just coined by Mr. Gladstone) has advanced a step. Its devotees ask no longer "Where is Troy?" but "What do we learn of Troy from Hissarlik?" Of such a change it is an ungracious task to criticise the author, but if his labours are to result in that which he himself desires for them—the furtherance of truth—it is well to consider dispassionately their proper revelation. For Dr. Schliemann's own writings (and woe be to him who would have them otherwise!) are winged with enthusiasm. His spade is more persuasive than his pen. Adopting everything in the poem that agrees with his pet theories, he rejects all that militates against them on the ground that Homer lived too long after the event to be a trustworthy authority. He argues in one breath that certain stones are "The Great Tower of Ilium," because their position was so described by Homer, while in another breath he maintains that Homer had no idea of the ground-plan of the town, because its ruins lurked at a depth of twenty feet below his classical sandals. But this mode of treatment is not fair. It contains a self-contradiction not dissimilar from that of the Irishman in one of Lever's novels, who sent back an insulting letter with the remark that "he returned it unopened, as the language made use of in it was not fit for a gentleman to read." Dr. Schliemann must not shilly-shally between Homer and Hissarlik: he must make his choice between two positions. Either Homer read the contents of the Hissarlik plateau, or he never broke the seal. A middle course is incredible, for if he saw any ruins at all, he saw the walls; if he saw the walls he saw the size of Troy. Which

position does Dr. Schliemann wish to adopt? Does he intend to prove the verbal exactitude of the *Iliad* by his excavations, or to establish a Troy of his own finding, which shall be partly corroborated by Homer, but which shall be independent of him? Either Hissarlik tells its own tale, and Homer is mute; or Hissarlik is mute unless awakened by the lyre of Homer.

What tale, then, does Hissarlik tell? It proclaims itself to be a town of an antiquity anterior to the *Iliad*, inhabited by an Oriental people, at one period fortified, at the end of that period destroyed by fire, and (if the evidence of the skeletons in armour be accepted) taken by storm. Now what right have we to give this town any name at all? What means are there of identifying it with history or legend? I answer, simply and solely the *Iliad*. And Horace accidentally contributed a very sensible remark to this effect when he said—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

As other heroes before Agamemnon have lived unsung, so have other cities before Troy fallen unlamented. Even in time of peace Oriental towns have a knack of getting on fire; but the Troad is "by the hand of Nature formed, quoted, and signed" to be the scene of collision between East and West. And, to go no farther, in the *Iliad* we read of many neighbouring cities being sacked by the Greeks. It must be admitted that some weight attaches to the fact that the Greek colony founded on this spot at the end of the eighth century B.C. was called Ilium. But even to this name we have no right to attribute an origin apart from the words of Homer. The Greek colonists, perhaps, found the

ruins of a former city, but that city was not Homer's Troy, between which and the Greek foundations two cities intervened; possibly they even found a tradition assigning the name of Ilium to those ruins. But this is a mere supposition. Would not Greeks have naturally called a city in the Troad "Troy," whether they regarded it as on the actual site or no, and independently of tradition or of any belief in the compatibility of the site with the given description? We have, therefore, no substantial ground for assuming to the traditional name a paternity other than Homer's. The same remark applies to the Cyclic Poems, the same to the *Æneid*, the same to the volumes of the critics. All cling round the skirts of one Titanic figure, and not round the relics of a tattered tradition, itself rescued from oblivion and perpetuated by the Muse alone. At any rate we cannot assert more than this of their existence. Therefore, before we can give the name of Troy to the rubbish-heaps of Hissarlik, we must discover a really minute agreement between the facts of its situation and the description of Homer.

Now nobody pretends that all the details in the *Iliad* are meant to be believed: and Homer, it is said, did not pretend to absolute accuracy even in topographical detail. This may be, and in my opinion is, true; but it is a truth grievous to confess: for surely the wider the range of poetical license attributed to him in matters where absolute accuracy was possible, the wider becomes the breach that severs the Trojan war from history, the *Iliad* from reality, Hissarlik from Troy. The two poles in the solid globe of the *Iliad* are romance and the key of Priam's plate-chest. In the zenith of Homerology hovers scepticism, in the nadir digs Dr. Schliemann. Between these two lies a vast æther for ballooning theorists. But there is no certainty in grapnels: on *terra firma* alone can we make sure of arriving at the goal of truth: and the only guides on that journey are the immortal poems and the scarce-altered face of Nature.

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Having had during a recent visit to the plain opportunities of comparing the testimony of these witnesses, I hope I shall not merit the rebuff of Thersites, if I venture to cast a spear on the field of battle. Those who are interested in the question, and who have not had the good fortune to explore for themselves the debated scenes, cannot do better than expend eighteenpence in the purchase of the Admiralty chart of the entrance to the Dardanelles, which comprises a thoroughly accurate map of the plain of Troy, from which the various arguments can be appreciated with a clearness only short of that gained by actually visiting the spot. What the charm of such a visit is need not be told. The whole air is redolent of Homer. The flowery plain, the deep sand, the Hellespontine breezes, the waving tamarisk and oak, the picturesque fountain, the green waters of steep-banked Scamander breathe Homeric idylls. The ploughman with his slow plough of sticks and stumps, the shepherd with his simple lute, the fisherman, squatting on the look-out perch above his nets, were described three thousand years ago in that verse whose language still lives on their lips. The peasant, beneath whose roof the modern Odysseus finds hospitality, brings forth from a cupboard mattresses and coverlets which he spreads on the floor for a bed and calls *Strömata*. The potter grinds his colouring pigments in a hand-mill of lava-stone precisely resembling those of his Trojan predecessor, and unconsciously moulds his grotesque water-jar, lion or bird, after the rude modellings of a pre-historic fellow-craftsman; nor could he distinguish the huge earthen vessels in which his oil and wine are stored from those which lie buried beneath the adjacent mound of Hissarlik. So little do the ordinary arts of life change amid the conservative influences of oppression and barbarism!

But striking and interesting as are these links between past and present, they are not guide-posts on the road to Troy: they are only general features of the landscape common to all aspirants to that title; and these claimants we

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must now consider. They are three in number—Hissarlik, Bounarbashi, and the "Pagus Iliensium." That any one of these three is the real site of Troy has yet to be proved: but though we may be unable to determine that precise spot, we need not despair of fixing certain definite limits within which we may expect to find it.

First and foremost among the questions to be solved is that raised by Demetrius of Skepsis. This earliest propagator of heresy objected against Ilium that it was at the time of the war too near the sea for the movements described by Homer to have taken place there. That the plain has made some advance is not only natural but also evident from the banks which now project far into the Hellespont on each side of the mouth of the Menderes. That it should have made an advance of several miles would not be surprising in presence of the neighbouring examples of Ephesus, Miletus, and Prienê. But it must be remembered that this objection is not the objection of a modern traveller. The period between the date of Demetrius and the present time is double that which intervened between the date of Demetrius and the date of Homer. It follows that the plain has in the later period made an advance double that which it made during the earlier period. Therefore this objection of Demetrius at the present time rather strengthens than weakens the position of Hissarlik. For it seems to imply that there was in his time a sufficient space for the requirements of the *Iliad*; and as there is now only a reasonable distance for this purpose (about four miles) between Hissarlik and the Hellespont, it is hardly to be supposed that there could have been very much less at the time of the jealous critic. On the other hand, in any investigation on this subject, the probable influence of the current of the Hellespont ought not to be left out of calculation. It is conceivable that the formation of deposits may have proceeded rapidly until the date of Demetrius, and then, attaining nearly the present sea-line, have been greatly retarded by a

current running past at the rate of three miles an hour. On this point then an important question hinges. An answer in one direction might render the position of Hissarlik absolutely untenable, and drive us back perforce to the upper plain.

The next clue in the labyrinth is to be obtained from the rivers. The Menderes must be the Scamander. To the similarity of name indeed but little importance can be attached; all we can say is, that the Greek colonists named it so; but we cannot assume for them any more definite knowledge on the subject than we have. As in the case of the naming of the Greek Ilium, we must remember that the country changed hands before historical times, and that, whatever the ancient Asiatic name may have been, Greeks could not have named the river otherwise than Scamander. But there are more substantial arguments for the identification. The Scamander is evidently the chief river of the *Iliad*, as the Menderes is now of the plain. Again, the expressions that "Zeus begat" the river, and that he was "called by the gods 'Xanthus'" seem to signify that the sources were in the unknown, or far off and mysterious recesses of Gargarus, the snowy peak distant thirty miles from Troy, where was the altar and grove of Zeus (*Il.* viii. 47), and which was as it were one of his country seats, his presence there being notified by clouds resting on the summit, just as the presence of a modern local magnate is indicated by a flag waving over his mansion. Now we are, I think, at liberty to place the ancient bed of the Scamander on whichever side of the plain we please; for there are several old channels; and it is a probable assumption that, especially if the plain has advanced much, old channels should have been gradually filled, and new beds worn. Homer himself shows the probability of such a change by introducing an inundation to account for the disappearance of the walls round the Greek camp (*Il.* xii. 17); and great floods are not uncommon now. But wherever we place Scamander we must clearly fix its course along the opposite side of the plain to Troy, where

it shall not interfere with the fighting; and Mr. Gladstone shows very reasonable grounds for placing it on the west. That this was its course may be surmised on other grounds. The junction of the Simois and the Scamander is distinctly mentioned (*Il.* v. 774); and we are also told (vi. 4) that the battle raged between the two rivers; but when the Trojans fled, no mention is made of their crossing either river, although the line of flight is minutely given (xi. 166, *seq.*). Therefore Troy lay between the two rivers. Now the Simois ran underneath the hill called "Callicolone" (xx. 52); and "the brows" of this hill faced the refuge of Hercules (*l.* 145). That spot must surely have been on the shore of the Ægean Sea and not of the Hellespont; for otherwise there would have been no great reason for mentioning it specially; nor could a suitable place be found for it on the Hellespontine side. Since then one faction of the gods sat in these walls to watch the final conflict, the opposing faction, who sat opposite to them on Callicolone were on the eastern side of the plain; and therefore the Simois must be fixed on that side. Again, during the battle Hector is said to have been "on the extreme left of the banks of Scamander" (xi. 497); and though this might be taken either way, it is natural to suppose that in speaking of a Trojan Homer spoke as from the Trojan side, and pleasant to imagine that he pictured himself as looking from some site like Hissarlik, or as Zeus looking from distant Gargarus down the valley.

Troy then was between two rivers, having the Scamander on the left, and the Simois on the right. It was furthermore situated "on the plain," and on the plain as opposed even to the skirts of Ida (xx. 216), the whole range of hills on the east and south-east of the plain, and not (it must be remembered) the lofty Gargarus, always expressly mentioned. Moreover it was so close to the plain that Helen, whose optical powers were no doubt poetically increased a little, could distinguish the several chiefs in the Greek array when they were drawn up to witness the

single combat between Paris and Menelaus. But though Troy was on the plain, it was actually situated on an elevated and rocky site; and there was some high ground contiguous to it. This was the eminence associated in xxii. 145, with "the wild fig-tree," which probably grew upon it, for it is there called "windy"; and in Andromache's entreaty to Hector that he would withdraw his army to that tree, she gives as her reason that the city was most accessible, and had thrice been actually assailed on that side; and her request implies that it was high ground capable of being defended. That this spot was rough and steep is further shown by Homer's finding it necessary to provide a running-path for Hector and Achilles when they raced past it; he says they ran "along the wain-road." This road was probably that which, issuing from the Scæan gates, diverged on the one hand into the plain, on the other over the main ridge. That the site should be one capable of permitting the conception of that chase of Hector is also necessary. The possibility of that episode is beside the mark; for a race thrice round any town, no matter what its situation, of such a size as we shall presently see that Troy must have been, is manifestly a poetical fiction. The only requirement is that there should be no such glaring absurdity involved in the mere idea as would "o'erstep the modesty of nature," even in the climax of an epic poem.

It is a further condition of the site that Troy should be visible from Mount Gargarus, whence Zeus is said to see it (viii. 52). Now, if Gargarus be, as can hardly be doubted, seeing that it is the only seat worthy of the god of Olympus, the distant snowy summit now called Kaz Dag, we are considerably limited in our selection of sites; for that mountain is shut out in many places by the nearer ranges of Ida, and in particular is invisible from the Balidagh, and from Bounarbashi.

Again, there are three plains mentioned in the *Iliad*, the Scamandrian (ii. 465), the Trojan (x. 11), and the

Ileian (xxi. 558). The Scamandrian was the part of the great plain near the sea, the Trojan plain the part near Troy. Now, although Homer speaks of the Trojans being drawn up "on the rise of the plain," which seems to indicate a break in the level such as would form a natural boundary between the two plains, yet as such a break does not now exist, we must perhaps take this "rise" to be the slope of some hill like Callicolone rising from the plain, and content ourselves with some such natural division of the plains as would be afforded by the transverse bed of the Simois. After the analogy of this sub-division into two of what seems one plain, it is only natural to make the Ileian a third sub-division of the same plain, embracing that part above Troy, and not, as is generally supposed, a separate plain. And with this explanation the phrase "the river" (a title accorded *par excellence* to the Scamander), in which Agenor proposed to take a dip before returning from his intended flight up the Ileian plain, seems to tally. This passage, then, would interpose a sufficient distance between Troy and the sheltering coverts on the upper slopes of Ida for another plain, or for a part of the same great plain, traversed by the Scamander.

Now (pending a definite settlement of the ancient coast line) no site can better realize these various conditions than Hissarlik. Situated between the Mendere and the Doumbrek river, on a low spur of Ida which projects so far that the city is essentially "in the plain," being more than half surrounded by it, it is yet finely placed on a small plateau marked on the south side by a gradual declivity, and on the north and west by abrupt slopes or precipitous rocks, and standing out into the plain as a promontory stands out into the sea. On the east, near the Greek theatre, when the plateau is connected with the main spur, is high ground suitable for the eminence on which "the fig-tree" stood; to the north, above the Doumbrek river, stands the required Callicolone: behind, stretches

a long expanse of Ileian plain, along which Agenor may flee to the high range above Bounarbashi: beyond rises the snowy Gargarus.

So far all goes merrily; but a step more, and we are suddenly staggered by a murderous difficulty, by one of the most picturesque local touches in the *Iliad*. There were, it seems, not very far from the walls, two sources of the Scamander, one steaming hot and the other cold (xxii. 148). Now these springs not only find no counterpart at Hissarlik, but are not to be traced elsewhere on the plain. The springs which Dr. Schliemann tries to press into his service are merely shallow holes in the flat marshy plain, where water could at any time be reached by digging a shallow hole. Nor is their temperature agreeable to the description of Homer. It is easy to say, and not incredible to persuade oneself, that some pranksome imp, obtaining in an evil hour the key of the subterranean tap, has turned off the hot water, and turned on cold. But the spring at Thermopylae still gushes forth in hot sulphureous volume; and at Ligia, near Alexandria Troas, the rivulet which fed an ancient but yet uninjured bath, still pours its scalding tribute into the marble labrum. Why then should Scamander's fountain alone (of all instances, so far as I am aware) have cooled? If, however, these springs at Hissarlik were suitable in other respects, there remains the difficulty that they were the sources of the Simois, if of any river at all, and not of the Scamander. Now, the words of Homer do not necessarily imply that these fountains were the ultimate head-waters of the Scamander, but may perhaps only signify tributary springs. This solution, however, involves the loss of the picturesqueness of the obvious idea; and I would therefore suggest, as an alternative, that the river from these fountains to the sea was called Scamander, while from the junction of their waters with the main torrent, the latter, issuing mysteriously through the defiles near Bounarbashi, was called "Xanthus" "by the gods," i.e., it was thenceforth

little known to men. Some such solution must be accepted, for a stream that rose beneath the walls would hardly require a distinct ford, or necessitate swimming a mile or two lower down. It is in this respect that the twofold Bounarbashi fountains commend themselves. They are at some distance apart, and at each point from a cluster of little springs a good-sized brook at once leaps into life; the brooks unite, and the river thus suddenly born is a very striking phenomenon. But in this case again at neither point is there a hot spring. Dr. Schliemann states that the Scamander rises from a cold and a hot spring in Mount Ida, or Gargarus. I confess that it grieves me to accept this as a part-solution of the difficulty, believing, as I do, that the acceptance of it is almost a death-blow to the identification of any site with Troy; for Homer, our sole authority, once caught in such a daring poetical generalization, becomes no longer an authority. And yet the painful conviction obtrudes itself on me that Homer's sources of the Scamander were a poet's combination of the Bounarbashi fountains with the real sources in distant Gargarus.

This difficulty is one which militates against every proposed site, though least against Bounarbashi; but there are other local features which are wanting at Hisarlik. The principal of these are the three tombs which Homer places between Troy and the sea—the tombs of Myrina, of Æsyetes, and of Ilus. Although there are a great number of tumuli scattered about on hillocks around the plain, none can be found to represent these; for I resent Dr. Schliemann's suggestion that the tumulus south of his excavations is the tomb of Myrina as a deliberate insult to the fame of Hector. It makes one quite nervous to think of that gallant general when he ventured forth for the first time after a nine years' heroic defence, carefully conducting his forces to the rear, and leaving the city exposed and defenceless. How Priam and his chirping gossips on the tower would have screamed!

The tomb of Æsyetes was that on which Polites kept watch over the movements at the Greek camp: a proof, if more were needed, that Troy was far distant from the sea, and also, as I cannot help thinking, that the view from Troy of the Scamandrian plain was partly cut off by the projecting hill of Callicolone. The third tomb—that of Ilus—is strongly marked in the *Iliad*. It was "a great tomb" "far from the sea;" but not so far that the sounds of Trojan revelry there could not be heard from the Greek camp (x. 13), nor so far as to be unsuitable for Hector's object in encamping there, namely, that he might swoop down upon the Greeks in case they attempted to re-embark and escape. Nor again was it near the city: otherwise he might as well have returned thither instead of camping out. It was also some distance from the Scamander; for Hector, when near the river-banks (xi. 497), knew nothing of what had occurred there when Paris, leaning on the monumental column, pierced Diomedes with an arrow. Priam also passes the tomb on his way to the Greek camp before reaching the river where he watered his badly-matched team of horses and mules. The tomb was therefore on the Trojan side of the junction of the rivers. We may summon down torrents and call up ploughs to annihilate every vestige of these tumuli: but the fact remains that they have no longer an existence, while neighbouring tumuli in spots accessible to the plough still rise, while the tumulus of Marathon still rears its head proudly from the midst of waving cornfields.

Turning now from the objects which Troilus saw when he "looked from the Trojan walls, and sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents" to the city in which he stood, we will examine more closely the excavations at Hisarlik. But before doing so, I must deprecate the idea that any considerable remains of Troy ought necessarily to be found upon its site. The conflagration at the final catastrophe was kindled by an infuriated foe, who wished to erase from the face of the earth every memo-

rial of the hated city. Such a conflagration, especially if the houses were commonly built of wood, might not inconceivably reduce even large masses of masonry composed of limestone to a mere heap of ashes and pulverized fragments, and such *débris* would easily be blown away by tornadoes or washed by heavy rains down precipices like those of the Balidagh, or down far less abrupt slopes. No one who has stood on the bare rock-foundations of the ancient Neapolis at Syracuse can have failed to be struck with astonishment at the utter disappearance of all *débris* of that comparatively modern town. Why, then, should not Troy have almost disappeared? But with regard to the Balidagh it is not true that, as is asserted, remains are totally wanting. The remains of fortifications and houses there have indeed that adaptation of style of workmanship to the nature of the ground and to the purpose of the design which is so characteristic of all Greek masonry, yet, such as they are, the ruins are by no means inconsiderable. And, as a general observation, any one who glances at the Admiralty chart above referred to will notice at once how universally throughout the Troad, even on the surface, are scattered objects of that kind which is denominated in the Levant by the comprehensive term "*antika*," a term now replaced in the Troad by that of "*Schliemann*." What excavations then, what close and attentive investigations as to probable disappearance of *débris* are rendered necessary before we can so exhaust the Troad as to pronounce the absence of remains elsewhere to be a proof that the one city of undoubted ante-Grecian times that has as yet been exhumed is Troy! The presumption arising from the self-recorded history of Hissarlik is indeed strong evidence in favour of its claim; but we must ask whether this, conjoined with the unsatisfactory topographical evidence, and with the very slight corroboration afforded by traditionary belief, warrants us in proclaiming an indefeasible title.

Now I will venture to assert that for

any practical purposes of comparison between the poems and the excavations, if Hissarlik be Troy, Homer never saw a stone of the ruins. For what was Homer's estimate of Troy? It was a city opulent and powerful; a city which could attract allies of every tongue and race from the trans-Hellespontine Thracian on the one side to the swarthy Egyptian on the other; it was a city which could afford to pay them, which could bestow them at need within the shelter of its walls, which could throw open a multitude of gates (ii. 809), and discharge them with good speed to battle or receive them fugitive from the spear of Achilles. And what size is the plateau of Hissarlik? Dr. Schliemann (says Mr. Gladstone) has compared it to Trafalgar Square. It is certainly no larger. The reconciliation of these two cities, the city of the Muse and the city of the spade, is an impossibility. Those who play the peace-maker between them pull down the buttresses of Homer as fast as they build them up. Delighted with the practicability of the famous chase round the walls, and with the example of an Athens which was all Acropolis, they tear out those positive statements of Homer which cannot be disentangled from the general story without rending the whole to shreds. No doubt the picturesque description of viii. 562, *seq.*, where the Trojan forces are estimated at 50,000, is not meant to be an actual numerical statement. But Agamemnon's speech, (ii. 123) no less than the whole tenor of battle scenes, shows that there was no great disparity in numbers between the Greek hosts and the united forces of the Trojans and their allies; and, granted that the desire of every Greek state to be well represented caused exaggerations and interpolations in the great catalogue of the Greeks, yet the magnitude of the expedition is shown elsewhere. We learn (xiv. 36) that there were too many ships to be drawn up in one line even in a bay two miles wide. They had to be drawn up in two lines. Mr. Gladstone estimates the Greek numbers at 50,000. The estimate of 30,000

then cannot be excessive for the Trojans. Yet it was said by the Duke of Wellington to be a severe test of strategic skill to get 30,000 men out of Hyde Park. What a consummate general, then, was Hector, who could march that number of men through two or three gates no bigger than those excavated by Dr. Schliemann! And this was not all: he had to find room for them when they got inside. He must have ordered them not only to pile up arms, but also to pile up themselves.

But those who uphold Homer's acquaintance with the walls now brought to light are not content with this difficulty alone: they also conjure up a lower town of huts clinging round the towers of the Acropolis. It is for them to solve the insoluble; to provide an asylum for the extra-mural population as well as to erect barracks for the allies. The dilemma thrust upon them is clear: either Homer, knowing the size of the town, wilfully misrepresented the Trojan forces to an extent which contorts the whole *Iliad*; or, being ignorant of the limits of the town, he embraced within the walls an area far larger than that now shown to be the true one. Now the nature of the ground forbids the latter theory: for on the north the plateau terminates in a low precipice; on the east, it is united with the remainder of the ridge, which from that point spreads out into a broad upland, on which, when once embarked, the engineer finds no resting-place for the sole of his foot until the whole area of the Greek colony has been included; on the south, the ground slopes down towards a hollow depression, from which rises, on the opposite side, another projection of the same main ridge; on the west, the plateau sinks sharply to the plain. These natural limits preclude any material extension of the town except by the addition of the site of the whole Greek colony, or by the inclusion within the walls of part of the plain to the north and west—an idea wholly repugnant to the eye and mind, and one which would never have entered into the poet's brain unless he

had found there traces of walls which, we know, he did not find.

Descending parenthetically into the trenches below the surface, I cannot help expressing my dissent from Dr. Schliemann as to those "Scæan gates," of which he is the sponsor. These gates are on the west. But Homer assigns them another position. He distinctly states that the Trojans, flying from the tomb of Ilus, passed "the wild fig-tree" on their way towards the Scæan gates (xi. 166). The tomb of Ilus was towards the sea: the only possible eminence for the fig-tree is, we have seen, on the north-east of the plateau. The Scæan gates were therefore on the east. Nor can I agree with Dr. Schliemann as to the broad hollow wall near the excavated gates being "the Great Tower" of the *Iliad*. The aspect of that wall is to the south-west. Immediately to the north and north-west is the so-called "Palace of Priam." The houses, says Dr. Schliemann, "had several storeys:" the wall, according to my impression, is not more than fifteen feet high. Therefore, unless a pair of those "patent double-million magnifyin' gas-microscopes of hextra power," without which Mr. Samuel Weller pronounced it to be impossible to "see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door," should hereafter be discovered among the ruins, I shall refuse to believe that, as regards a view of the battle-field from the tower, even Helen's "wisdom" was not "limited."

The general conclusion which I would draw from a review of the whole preceding considerations is, that Homer either described an Ilium which he never saw, or saw an Ilium which he did not describe. That Hissarlik formed a basis for his poetical treatment is a pleasant creed. He found there a model from which to idealize; just as at Corfu he found an outline from which he wrought out in detail the city of Alcinous; just as, according to Mr. Gladstone, he extracted his gorgeous shield of Achilles from the clumsy modellings of his own age; just as Shakespeare caught up the flimsy framework of a current tale and

endowed it with imperishable substance and colour. The Trojan war was, perhaps, a fact. So, perhaps, was the rivalry of the houses of Montague and Capulet. Then let him who can linger over the tomb of Juliet "muse an hour alone" upon the mole-hill of Hissarlik. For though the grander Acropolis of the Balidagh, perched upon tremendous cliffs, whose base is laved on three sides by the serpent-like coils of deep-eddy Xanthus, may tempt him, as he revels in the glorious prospect of plain and Hellespont, island and sea, to believe that he stands on "the breezy heights of Ilium;" yet he must confess that it is on the mound of Hissarlik that he best realizes Homer. Thence, with the debris of five cities beneath his feet, he surveys the whole *mise en scène* of the *Iliad*. Before him, and on either hand, stretch the broad levels of the sea-like plain, intersected by two rivers, and bounded by rolling hills, on whose knolls rise here and there hoary tumuli; beyond, a brief glimpse of the blue Hellespont; to the left, the highest point of Tenedos fills up a gap in the chain of hills; while far out at sea shimmer in golden haze the mountains of Imbros, and the cloud-capped summit of distant Samotraki; and behind him, above the long range of many-fountained Ida "topmost Gargarus stands up and takes the morning." And even though he be sceptical as to the identity of the shattered walls with the legendary Troy and of the plateau with the Pergamus of Homer, yet he knows that he stands on a spot associated with no common memories. Here, twenty-three centuries ago, in the renewed struggle between East and West, the despotic commander of the mightiest invasion the world has ever seen solemnly ascended to sacrifice a tenfold hecatomb to the Ilian Athenê:

and hither, 150 years afterwards, the greatest general of perhaps all ages, a hero glowing with enthusiastic hero-worship, was drawn aside on a similar pilgrimage. These alone are sufficient to stamp Hissarlik with fame. But to those who would penetrate beneath these gorgeous scenes and search the grounds of faith in Xerxes and Alexander, must remain the inevitable conclusion, that the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, great and valuable in themselves, at best lead us only to an opposite conclusion as to the exact precision of the *Iliad* to that which impelled him first to grasp the pickaxe.

The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have higher and more patriotic aims than literal scrupulosity, or mere historical or topographical accuracy. The *Iliad*, it has been said, was the Greek's Bible. The *Odyssey* was his *Pilgrim's Progress*. The lesson of the *Iliad* was patriotism, and patriotism in the widest sense. It proclaimed the oneness of the whole Greek family. It seized on that point of legendary lore when all the petty dissensions and rivalries of individual states were merged in national co-operation. It organized centuries beforehand resistance to that aggression of Persian barbarism which well-nigh obliterated the most signal advance of civilization recorded in the world's history. And while it enjoined this broad lesson of patriotism, the duty of state in relation to state, it combined with it another lesson—the duty of every individual man to his fellow-man.

The *Iliad* is not a chronicle: it is a moral poem. And therefore, though we may seek illustration and evidence corroborative of the general truth of Homer, we must not expect to dig out the skeleton of an imaginative Troy from the rubbish-heaps of Hissarlik.

W. H. MASON.

THE BYWAYS OF BOOKMAKING.

EVERY literature possesses a body of rules teaching the poet and the dramatist what to avoid; and an ingenious Frenchman once published a guide to novel-writing which contained positive directions for pursuing that craft, so that with a little application every novel-reader might become his own novelist—at once the creator and consumer of his own literary smoke. No one by studying the *Ars Poetica* could make himself, in however small a degree, either a versifier or a playwright. But the author of the guide to novel-writing did at least aim at showing how novels might be cut out and perfected, or rather designed piece by piece, and put together, not indeed like boots and shoes, but rather like garlands of artificial flowers or elaborate ball-dresses. Perhaps, however, the novel-writing guide might be most fitly compared to a cookery book. It gave instructions on the choice of a heroine as Mrs. Glasse, or *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, tells you what sort of fowl to pick out for your contemplated hash. It recommended for some purposes a tender hero, for others a tough one. There was a chapter on the art of serving up the heroine, or, in other words, of introducing her to the reader. Then the hero and the heroine had to be stirred up together after certain forms, according as they were disposed to harmonize like cream and the yolk of egg, or were of seemingly antagonistic natures, like oil and vinegar. Hints were furnished on the preparation of incidental observations; and the art of blending reflection with narrative was fully treated. Of course the villain was not forgotten—nor the story; and the intending novelist was strongly advised to make the latter “interesting.” The weakness of the book seemed to consist in this: that if the aspirant to the

enviable position of successful novelist could make his story interesting—which he was enjoined to do without being told in what manner—the rest was comparatively without importance. To profess to teach a man the art of writing a novel, and to tell him, among other things, that he had better make his story interesting, is as good a joke in its way as that of informing the aspirant to poetical honours that when he has at last finished his work he had better keep it by him for nine years. The counsel has, in each case, an ironical look. But scanty thanks would be forthcoming alike from the poet—warned that when he has followed a number of maxims on the subject of poetical composition, the best thing he can do with his poem will be to hide it—and from the novelist—who, after many useful rules have been impressed upon him in respect to novel-writing, is further assured that he must make his story “interesting.” In an indirect manner the one is told as plainly as the other that teaching will be of no value to him.

If, however, authors cannot teach others how to conceive and bring forth works of art, they can sometimes explain how the idea and plan of their own creations first occurred to them. Edgar Poe has published a curious exposition of the genesis, or rather of the deliberate construction, of the *Raven*; an exposition, it must be added, which is not accepted by all his admirers as having been made in perfectly good faith, and which is declared to be not a synthesis, but virtually an analysis. The late Alexandre Dumas, too, has told us how the main idea of one of his most successful plays first came into his head. He was walking down the Boulevard, when suddenly it struck him that a man found in a compromising situation with a woman might save her reputation

by killing her and declaring that he had done so by reason of her resistance. Out of that idea was developed the drama of *Antony*. The fact may be interesting. But neither the starting point of Poe nor of Dumas could have been turned to account by one who was neither a poet nor a dramatist.

If, however, the secret of literary invention cannot be imparted, methods of borrowing literary materials with skill and success may easily be communicated. A regular school of plagiarism was maintained for a time in France, and among its pupils one of the most distinguished preachers of the seventeenth century, Fléchier, is said to have been included. Poetry, on the principle, perhaps, that "the poet must be born," does not seem to have been included in the course. Or it may have been thought that poets were already sufficiently accustomed to borrow images and ideas, and to reproduce in their own works whole passages from the ancients. Instruction in the art of plagiarism was in any case confined to orators; and the school was named "L'Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques," with Richesource, its founder, as "director." Richesource declared himself able to make "distinguished writers" of those even who possessed no literary talent; and he has left a work on the subject, in which his method is fully explained. *The Orator's Mask*; or, *The Manner of Disguising all Sorts of Compositions, Letters, Sermons, &c.*, is its title, and the author explains at the outset that "oratorical plagiarism is the art that some employ with much skill for changing or disguising all sorts of discourses composed by themselves, or due to the pen of another, in such a manner that it becomes impossible for the author to recognize his own work, his own style, or the substance of his work, so adroitly will the whole have been disguised." The parts of the work which it is proposed to appropriate are to be arranged in a new order, words and phrases are to be replaced by equivalents. "An orator," the reader is told, "has said that an ambassador should possess

probity, capacity, and courage. The plagiarist will say that he should possess courage, capacity, and probity." He would be but a poor plagiarist, however, who should chop and change in this manner; and the ingenious plagiarist will, it is explained, replace "probity" by "sincerity," or "virtue," "courage" by "force of soul," and so on. For "ambassador," "envoy" would, no doubt, be substituted; and "should not be without" would probably do duty for "should possess."

Richesource's Academy has long ceased to exist, but his method is still employed, consciously or unconsciously, by numbers of orators in the pulpit and at the bar. It appeared, too, from a case tried in London some twenty years ago, that professed plagiarists are sometimes employed "to destroy copyrights" as the evidence set forth; or, in other words, to treat literary matter which copyright formally protected so as, in the words of Richesource, to render it "impossible for the author to recognize his own work." In the case referred to, the most vulgar kind of plagiarism—the "plagiarism of commerce," it might be called—had been performed upon the substance of a guide-book which had been in a great measure transmuted, but not so thoroughly as to leave no trace of the process. Two words specially sworn to by the author—namely, "savage grandeur" had been taken whole by the plagiarist. A graduate of the "Académie des Orateurs Philosophiques" would probably have converted them into "wild magnificence."

The "art of extemporaneous speaking" taught by certain professors in the present day is probably nothing more than an application of Richesource's method of plagiarism. The story has been told often enough of the funeral oration pronounced in memory of the Duke of Wellington by the present Earl of Beaconsfield. This was a performance which Richesource would doubtless have condemned as inartistic, since neither the substance nor the style of the borrowed discourse was disguised. But if the "art of extemporaneous

speaking" can be taught at all, one of its rules must be that when the speaker has nothing to say of his own he must borrow from some one else.

In the drama plagiarism has been much more freely practised than in any other branch of literature. Managers, in fact, are bound at all hazards to entertain the public, and with that view, like the great manager-dramatist of France, "take their property wherever they find it." The origin of the piece is unimportant, provided the piece itself be suitable. The public, moreover, might be prejudiced against it if they were told that it had not been made expressly for them; and they would certainly listen with mistrust to a comedy which, professing to represent the manners of one country, was known, as first composed, to have depicted those of another. Then there are so many degrees in dramatic plagiarism, from the poet who borrows nothing but an undeveloped subject, or the idea of a subject, to the playwright who re-fashions other men's materials; and from the playwright to the adapter, who perhaps invents a few details, and to the translator who invents nothing, yet, in many cases, does not scruple to claim the work he has translated as his own creation.

The novelist who publishes as his own the work of another man is, unlike the dramatist under similar circumstances, looked upon as having committed a disgraceful action. About the time of the Crimean war it occurred to some foreigner, who had honoured England by making this country his home, to publish, as an original story, a translation, or adaptation, of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. To suit the English taste the ingenious adapter had done his best to replace Russian manners by English manners, and had made a point everywhere of substituting English for Russian food. Thus, cold mutton and porter, or ham sandwiches and pale ale, were served to guests arriving on a visit in lieu of caviar and vodka. When this plagiarism on a large scale was exposed in the columns of the *Athenæum*,

the publisher expressed his regret at having been made a party to a deception practised on the public, and the book was withdrawn. No such sacrifice would be made, nor could it in fairness be expected, from a manager enabled to satisfy himself that a work which he had announced as original was in fact a translation, more or less imperfect.

Mr. G. A. Sala has told us in the interesting column which he contributes weekly to the *Illustrated London News* that Paley's *Natural Theology* is freely translated from the Dutch. French bank-notes are, or used to be, adorned with an inscription to the effect that "the forger is punished with twenty years' hard labour." Paley must have felt something like the forger of a French bank-note when he undertook to teach morality by means which, as he was reminded every moment by the very work on which he was engaged, were immoral. In the opening chapters on contrivance and design, the watch which he represents himself as finding on a barren heath, he had, in fact, stolen. So in setting the ten commandments to music, old Haydn, with grim humour, stole a melody for the eighth.

Even Richesource, "disguiser" by profession, would scarcely have given his approbation to a method of "disguising" history invented by Le Père Barre, and practised, it must be hoped, by him alone. Gower, in the *Confessio Amantis*, had long before spoken of Menander as an historian, classing him with Josephus, Eedras, Ephiloquorus, and others; and had described Ulysses as a learned man, to whom Cicero taught rhetoric, Zoroaster magic, Ptolemy astronomy, Plato philosophy, Daniel divination, and Hippocrates medicine. These, however, are but trifling errors compared to the mistakes, or rather the misrepresentations, made by Le Père Barre in his *History of Germany*, of which some two hundred pages are adapted, with the most grotesque results, from the history of Sweden. Le Père Barre wished above all things to divert the reader; and as Voltaire's *History of Charles XII.* was much more

entertaining than anything he could write, he embodied it, with some indispensable changes of name, in his *History of Germany*. He applied to the Emperor Rudolph Voltaire's remarks on King Stanislaus, and made Valdemar, King of Denmark, say and do precisely the same things as Charles XII. at Bender. This again would not have suited Professor Riche-source, who limited his system of plagiarism to "philosophical oratory," and, for the most part, to the enunciation of abstract principles—the property, he seems to have held, of anyone who liked to take the trouble to utter them.

In connection with bookmaking meant to amuse specimens of book-making intended to mislead might be cited. Of these the most notorious perhaps is that *History of France* published under the Restoration, by Le Père Lorient, with the initials of the Jesuits' motto *Ad maiorem Dei gloriam* as epigraph. The edition, however, of the work in which Napoleon Bonaparte is said to figure as a certain "Marquis de Bonaparte, who gained important victories at the head of the king's armies" is not to be found; and the late M. de Montalembert denied that it had ever existed. Scarcely less valuable than a copy of the missing edition of Le Père Lorient's *History* would be that number of *Le Journal des Débats*, belonging to the same period, in which the following statement is said to be contained. "Bonaparte was never christened Napoleon. His true name was Nicholas. But this man wished that everything connected with his person should be extraordinary."

A very remarkable class of book-makers are translators who will not be satisfied with merely translating. Voltaire said of translators that they were like servants who thought the masters they had the honour of waiting upon were the greatest persons in the world. Some servants, however, and some translators, think themselves quite as good as their masters. In a French version of Plautus, published

in 1719, the playful translator, M. de Geudeville, declares towards the end of his preface that he has spared no pains "*pour mettre ce vieux comique à la mode*," "I have followed my own inclination," he adds, "and I am convinced that true men of taste, a select band, will be much obliged to me for having endeavoured to divert them all the more." Auteroche, author of a rhymed translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, has altered scenes, characters, and motives. He does not, however, on that account consider himself Virgil's superior. On the contrary, he tells the reader that he feels sure Virgil would have done the same "if he had only had time."

It was reserved for a distinguished Russian nobleman, Count Orloff, to discover the means of acquiring a certain literary reputation without writing a line. He employed a number of French writers, many of them men of considerable distinction, to compose, under his direction, a History of Italian Music. The Count did not claim to be more than the originator of the work; but his name appeared in large letters on the title-page. To the same patron of letters belongs the undeniable merit of having first made known to the West of Europe the admirable fables of Kriloff. A number of the song-writers and minor poets of the Restoration were engaged to put into French verse prose translations of the Russian fabulist's most important productions. Besides being well paid, these gentlemen are said to have been sumptuously entertained at the Count's table; and the work, when finished, was announced as having been executed under the Count's "presidency." In spite of Count Orloff's liberality and care, the enterprise did not turn out so well as might have been expected. Each of the poets (among whom Désaugiers, the famous *chansonnier*, and Rouget de Lisle, the author of the *Marseillaise*, may be mentioned) wished to show himself a second La Fontaine, and, introducing much matter of his own, destroyed the character of the original. One, moreover, in reproducing the *Elephant*, mistook

a satire on triviality in criticism for a eulogium on the worship of the infinitely small.

A curious list of translators' mistakes, or mistakes made in translation, might be made out. Thus the Abbé Viel, writing of Canterbury, and misled by the word "canon," stated that the cathedral was surrounded by artillery. The primate of all England was apparently in his eyes a military ecclesiastic, like the ancient Vladika of Montenegro. Guizot, in his *Life and Times of Shakespeare*, has—writing in English—expressed a hope that Shakespeare might be more and more "traduced" for the benefit of the French. Authors' mistakes, however, belong only indirectly to the subject of bookmaking; nor is it always wise to point them out. Indeed—as a famous "printer's reader" once remarked in a poem on the subject of his own occupation, called *Corrector Typographicus*—to the man who corrects the errors of another (and who ever thinks of correcting his own?)

"Plus satis invidiæ gloria nulla manet."

Indignation was created a few months ago in a great part of England and Scotland by an inquiry made in this magazine as to where Mr. Black found Beethoven's *Farewell*, or rather by a statement that no such piece existed. "Did the writer," it was asked, "never hear of the sonata called *Les Adieux*, *L'Absence*, *et le Retour*, and if so, had he not sense enough to know that Mr. Black must have been thinking of the first movement in that work?" Mr. Black's enraged partisans do not seem to perceive that it is only when heroines thoroughly charming and life-like sit down to the piano, that one cares to know what it is they are playing. Young ladies of an inferior stamp might confound Beethoven's *Adieux* (a piece which would have sorely taxed the powers of the simple Miss Wenna) with Beethoven's *Farewell to the Piano* (an impudent and worthless forgery which is still current), or the Funeral March of the Sonata in A flat with the Funeral March of the Heroic Symphony, and

no one would give a second thought to the matter.

Erroneous opinions cannot always be described as mistaken; though that young man may fairly be said to have committed a blunder who, having stated before a board of examiners that Charlemagne lived 800 years before Christ, and being asked whether he did not mean "after Christ," persisted in his original statement: adding, "I am sorry to disagree with you, but that is my opinion." Many authors cause a certain amount of confusion to their admirers by changing their opinions—their opinions properly so-called. Numbers of writers have begun as Revolutionists to end as Conservatives. Victor Hugo, however, who for the last twenty-eight years has been an ardent Republican, gained his first reputation as a Legitimist.

Apart from errors made by themselves, a good many authors have been the causes of errors, sometimes very droll ones, made by others. Guarini's *Pastor Fido* has been included in a catalogue of religious books; we have the authority of Mr. Hill Burton for stating that Mr. Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* were much asked for among the muirland farmers, and that great disappointment was caused by their discovery of the real nature of the work; Miss Edgeworth has herself told how her *Essay on Irish Bulls* was ordered by an Agricultural Association; Mr. Swinburne's *Under the Microscope* was classed by German publishers as a scientific work; and Henri Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* is reported to have had a corner given to it by Herr von Sybel in his *Historische Monatschrift*.

Probably index-makers have shown themselves quite as ingenious in misapprehending their authors' intentions as catalogue-makers themselves. The compiler of some Annual Record is said to have been much annoyed at finding that in his index, which he had entrusted to other hands, no reference was made to Parliamentary proceedings. So at least it seemed until at last

under the head of "Public Meetings," he discovered "Meeting of Parliament." A very industrious index-maker, who let nothing escape him except now and then the main subject of the sentence he was dealing with, made in his index the following entry:—"Greatness of Mind, instance of." This corresponded with a passage in the body of the work which related how a certain judge had declared that he had "a great mind to send the accused to prison without the option of a fine."

Errors arising from hasty and inconsiderate cutting down are to be met with, not in books (for an author always cuts himself down with remarkable tenderness), but in carelessly edited newspapers. A barrister of my acquaintance was much irritated at seeing it stated one morning in a London journal that he had defended a certain person, "who was accordingly convicted." The chief causes of the man's conviction—apart from the manner in which his counsel might have defended him—were not given. In connection with eccentric journalism a story is told of a reporter—in the days when descriptive reporting had not yet been invented—who, being instructed to report an eclipse of the sun, and finding that no speeches were delivered on the occasion, wrote, in stereotyped phrase, that "the proceedings were entirely without public interest." A certain admiration must be felt for that inexperienced reporter who, being sent to the Divorce Court, caused much dissatisfaction in the office by merely writing the plain truth, that "the evidence was unfit for publication."

The errors in which so many books abound, and from which none, it is believed, are absolutely free, are due for the most part not to the writers of the books, but to the printers and to those literary officials of the printing-office called in France "correctors," but in England simply "readers." Not that there is any proportion between the mistakes which the "reader," in some hopeless endeavour to extract light from darkness, is liable to commit, and the mistakes

made by the compositors, or by the author himself, which he is constantly setting right. But the "reader" is considered responsible not only for the blunders which he originates, but also for the blunders, at least those of a typographical kind, which he fails to correct. His duties thus are arduous, and can only indeed be adequately performed by a man of considerable learning and ingenuity. Every profession should have its ideal; and the ideal of the printer's reader is well set forth in the following passage from a letter addressed to the French Academy by the "Société des Correcteurs des Imprimeries de Paris." "The functions of the corrector," says the letter, "are very complicated. To reproduce faithfully the manuscript of the writer, often disfigured in the first proof; to bring into conformity with the orthography of the Academy the manner of writing peculiar to each author; to give clearness to the composition by the use of a sober and logical system of punctuation; to rectify erroneous facts, inexact dates, false quotations; to see that the rules of art are scrupulously observed; to perform, for hours together, the double operation of reading by the intelligence and reading by the eye on the most difficult subjects, and always on a new text, in which each word may hide a snare, since the author, carried away by his thought, has read not what has been, but what ought to have been, printed: such are the principal duties of a profession which writers have at all times regarded as the most important of those connected with the typographical art."

Admirably written! But where was the "correcteur" when, in a certain French Prayer-book, "*Ici le prêtre ôte sa calotte*" was replaced by "*Ici le prêtre ôte sa culotte*?" or when M. Guizot, who in the Chamber had exclaimed, "*Je suis à bout de mes forces*," was declared to have said, "*Je suis à bout de mes farces*?" or when a certain envoy was represented as having been "*dévoré*" when he had in fact only been "*décoré*," by the Bey of Tunis? There was intention, no doubt, in the apparent mis-

print by which M. de Caulaincourt, accused of complicity in the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, was called in the *Moniteur*, not Duc de Vience, which he had just been created, but "Duc de Vincennes;" and the Spirit of Poetry would seem to have presided at the making of the famous mistake in Malherbe's verses, by which

"Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un printemps,"

became, through the poet's having omitted to cross his t's,

"Rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses," &c.

Where, again, was the "reader" when, in Alison's *History of Europe*, the printers were allowed to state that among the pall-bearers at the funeral of a great naval hero was "Sir Peregrine Pickle"? or when, in a work on *Gems and Precious Stones*, the quotation from the *Merchant of Venice*, "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor," was turned into "I had it of Keats," &c. Or, once more, where was he when in a work by the lively Comtesse Dash, the concluding sentence and point of the whole—"pour bien connaître l'amour il faut sortir de soi," was allowed to appear as "sortir de soir"?

Printers will always manage to construct a grammatical sentence out of any assemblage of words entrusted to them. Unless the manuscript be absolutely and totally illegible, they will, in their own phrase, "make sense" out of it; though this so-called "sense" may be absolute nonsense, or, without being nonsense, something very different from what the author intended. It would seem that in some printing-offices the readers are so intelligent and so perfectly reasonable that they will tolerate nothing fantastic on the part of their authors. A poet is frequently seized in his flight and brought down to earth by his translator; and Mickiewicz used to say of one of his countrymen who had reduced him into French prose,

that "God had sent him as a humiliation." Printers, too, will sometimes vex the poet's soul by "making sense" out of his most delicate imaginings. What must have been Mr. Tennyson's feelings on seeing, in the latest edition of his works, the line

"And followed by a hundred airy does,"¹
turned into

"And followed by a hundred hairy does"?

On the whole, however, printers' "readers" render invaluable services to authors of all kinds; and it should not be forgotten that of the errors laid to their charge many are the work of the authors themselves or of their transcribers. In a volume by a lady whose writings have doubtless given a considerable amount of pleasure, the involuntary act or process which Johnson would have denominated "sternutation" is printed "stercoration." A French *correcteur* would have been bound to look for this portentous word in the Dictionary of the Academy—where he would not have found it. The English "reader" ought not to have passed it. But no "reader" can be supposed to have invented it.

Johnson in the definitions of his Dictionary is known to have allowed himself a certain latitude in the way of pleasantries. But it is scarcely probable that under the head of "sit" he gives this pretended quotation in illustration of one of the meanings of the word:—"Asses are ye that sit in judgment." The reference is to Judges v. 10, where we read, "Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." The transcriber seems to have copied out only the last six words of the passage, and the printer to have inserted "are" in order to "make sense."

Translators, considered as "traducers," have already been spoken of. But in connection with this subject a remarkable error, as illustrating the dangers of carelessness in combination with a good dose of stupidity, may be cited from the

¹ *The Princess*, canto vi. line 71.

notes to Bohn's edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi. p. 472. Gibbon's text runs: "Bohemond's embarkation was clandestine, and, if we may credit a tale of the Princess Anna, he passed the hostile sea closely secured in a coffin." To this Gibbon gives a note: "Anna Comnena adds that, to complete the imitation, he was shut up with a dead cock; and condescends to wonder how the barbarian could endure the confinement and putrefaction;" to which Bohn's editor adds: "In M. Guizot's edition the translator, having mistaken the original English word, rendered it by *cuisinier*, and embellished the tale by shutting Bohemond up with the corpse of a *cook* instead of a *cock*. So it is that errors in history are perpetuated."

The mistakes of translators are more

dangerous, and they are also less amusing than misprints; while in the matter of misprints the drollest typographical errors, however, are those which compositors make, but which readers correct, so that they never meet the public eye at all. A great writer of our time, among whose merits that of a clear handwriting is not conspicuous, in describing the Mount of Olives and his own brilliant discovery of the precise road taken by the Saviour on His triumphal entry into the Holy City, had abbreviated the word "Jerusalem" into "Jerus." But this hardly justified the compositor in presenting the sentence with this striking variation: "On reaching this rock we were at once unexpectedly greeted by a most magnificent view of Jones."

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

POINTS IN EARLY NORTHUMBRIAN HISTORY.¹

I HAVE been asked to come once more among you, as I have done more than once in other years; and I have been further asked to take as my subject something bearing on the early history of your own part of England. Perhaps, if I had been left wholly to myself, I might not have chosen such a theme. I might have seized on this opportunity of addressing you, as I feel inclined to seize on every opportunity of addressing any audience by voice or pen, in order to say something of lands far away. I might have been well pleased to say something about the lands to which the eyes of Europe are or should be turned, the lands where the great strife between right and wrong, between freedom and bondage, is going on at this moment, as at every moment of the world's history it has been going on in some corner of the world or other. It is but a few months since I have been in lands where the wondrous charm of their past history almost fades away before the thrilling interest of the present, where, amid the choicest wealth of nature, amid the mightiest memorials of elder days, the thought which comes nearest to the heart is the thought of the news that the morrow's light may bring of the deeds which are being done to-day. Fresh from the land where the sword of the Lord is drawn by Christian warriors against their infidel oppressors, fresh from that border-land of Christendom where the Slave is battling for his hearth and home against his Turkish tyrant, from the sight of the armed patriot and his foe, and the sadder sight of those whom war has driven from their homes—of the aged, the sick, the wounded, who have sought shelter within the Christian border—I find it hard to speak of any other theme than to ask your sympathy for

the armed champions of right, to crave your more than sympathy, your active help, for the helpless victims of wrong. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and my mouth would be best obeying the dictates of my heart if I were now to tell you what I have seen among the stony hills of Herzegovina, among the mountain plains of Montenegro, and among the hills and islands of the Dalmatian shore. I have come back thence to my own Wessex; I have passed thence to your Northumberland; yet I must confess that my heart is neither in Northumberland nor in Wessex, but that it lingers still in the lands beyond the Hadriatic. And yet, even in those lands, there have been points and moments when my thoughts have been carried by no slow, by no direct or unnatural process, to Britain, and of Britain, to its Northumbrian regions. From the most wondrous spot on the Dalmatian shore the path is easy to the metropolis of Northern England. There, on one of the many peninsulas of that broken coast, with the sea in front, with the mountains at its back, with lesser hills rising like watch-towers on either side, with islands like guard-ships anchored off the haven, did Diocletian, weary of empire, choose the place of his retirement, hard by the place of his birth. Hard by his own Salona, once one of the great cities of the world, now lying ruined and desolate, he built for himself the mightiest house that ever arose at the bidding of a single man. He reared the palace of Spalato, the house which became a city, the house whose walls sheltered the fugitives of fallen Salona, and which still flourishes as a city of men, as a haven of the sea, while the older dwelling-place of man is forsaken. There the great persecutor of the Christian name reared the temple of his gods, the mausoleum which was to receive

¹ Read before the Royal Institution of Kingston-on-Hull, Feb. 22nd, 1876.

his own ashes. And there, as the centre of his work, he reared the long rows of columns and arches which, after thirteen hundred years, still claim our undiminished admiration as the parents and models of every later effort of the building art. A few years passed away; the crown of Diocletian rested on the brow of a Cæsar yet more famous than himself; and the buildings of the bitterest foe of the Christian faith had become the models of the first temples which the lords of the world dedicated to the use of Christian worship. And he who wrought this change was one whom you who hear me may claim as, if not a countryman, at least a guest. It was from your land, from our own island and from your special part of it, that the man went forth who was to give another face to the Roman dominion and to stamp his impress on all the later history of the world. The birth-place of the first Christian Emperor has been disputed between Illyria and Britain, between the mainland which opens to the sea at Diocletian's Spalato and the mainland which opens to the sea at Edward's Kingston-upon-Hull. Few scholars now doubt that Illyria has the better claim; but no man has ever doubted that, if Britain did not see the first days of his life, she at least saw the first days of his empire; no man has ever doubted that the crown which Diocletian laid aside at Salona¹ was placed upon the brow of Constantine at York. And the work which the one began the other finished. The organization of the Roman power on a new and firmer basis, the true creation of that long Imperial line whose fall living men can still remember, was a work which was begun by the man who withdrew from empire within the walls which we still may gaze on at Spalato; it was brought to perfection by the man who was called to empire within the walls which we still may gaze on at old Eboracum. And as it was with the political, so it was with the artistic work. The forms of beauty which, at

¹ The ceremony, I need not say, was done at Nikomædeia.

the bidding of the heathen persecutor, had risen in all the freshness of the new birth of art, were turned, at the bidding of the Christian founder, to adorn the holy places of the faith which Diocletian boasted that he had swept away from off the earth. The arcades of Spalato were the models of the arcades of the earliest and noblest of Roman churches, of Saint John Lateran and Saint Paul without-the-Walls. They were the models of Ravenna and Lucca and Pisa, the more distant models of the nave of Southwell and the nave of Selby, the more distant models still of Canterbury and York, of Ripon and Howden, of Rievaulx and Fountains, of Hedon and Patrington, of Beverley and Hull. It is then, I deem, by no strained process of thought that from the resting-place of Diocletian the mind makes its way to the crowning-place of Constantine. It is by no crooked path that from Dalmatia the thoughts wander to Northern Britain, that the walls and towers of Spalato call up the memory of the walls and towers of the capital of your shire, the metropolis of your province. And there is one analogy which may bring us nearer still to the spot on which we are now met. The origin of some of the cities of the earth is shrouded in darkness; of others we know the names of the personal founders. No man can tell when or under whose guidance Salona and Eboracum first became dwelling-places of man. But we know who called into being the haven of Spalato and the haven of Kingston. And the founder of Kingston holds a place in the history of England at least equal to the place which the founder of Spalato holds in the history of Rome. As Diocletian was the organizer, the second founder, of the Roman Empire, so Edward was the great organizer, the last of the many founders, of the English kingdom. And if the persecuted Christian had cause to curse the rule of Diocletian, the banished Hebrew had only less cause to curse the rule of Edward. But the creation of Edward had a worthier beginning than the

creation of Diocletian. Diocletian, weary of dominion, built himself a house, and, in the chances of after times, his house grew into a city. Edward, in the fulness of his power, in the far-seeing keenness of his wisdom, marked out a spot, not for himself but for his kingdom; and there sprang into being at his word one of the great seats of that seafaring enterprise, that commercial wealth, of England which were among the objects which the great king had nearest to his heart.

I have thus, I hope, shown that the road from Dalmatia to Deira, that the special road from Spalato to Kingston-upon-Hull, is somewhat less long, somewhat less crooked, than you might at first sight have thought. But, having made the journey, I must not forget at which end of it my immediate duty lies. I have to speak of Deira, not of Dalmatia; yet we shall perhaps find, as we go on, that there are points in the past history of Deira on which some light may be thrown by the past and present history of Dalmatia and the neighbouring lands. But for the present I must remember that my business lies on the banks of the Humber and on the shores of the German Ocean, not among the gulfs and islands and peninsulas of the Adriatic. I have to trace out, broadly and hastily, but, if I can, truly and clearly, some of the leading features of the history of your part of England and of Britain in its relations to the wider history of England and of Britain in general. In so doing, I must make some geographical distinctions. We in the South often talk of the North of England, as you may perhaps sometimes find occasion to talk back again of the South. But I am not sure that the words "North of England" always mean exactly the same extent of country on the map. It is something like the different uses of the words "America" and "American." In a political discussion those words by themselves always mean the United States and nothing else. If we wish to take in Canada or Mexico, we add some qualifying term. But in a scientific discus-

sion, in a treatise of languages or natural history, the words "America" and "American," without any qualification, take in the whole of the North and South American continents. So I suspect that the North of England now means rather different things to the political inquirer and to the picturesque tourist. If we were now to begin to talk politics, and to discuss the distribution of seats in the House of Commons, we should not get on very far without using the words "North of England." But we should use them in a sense which would not take in the whole of the North of England; we should use them in a sense which would most likely leave out the most northern part of all. We should mean primarily Yorkshire and Lancashire—perhaps, if we meant to be very accurate, certain parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. To most people in the South, the North of England would, in such a discussion, mean Yorkshire and Lancashire, and not much else. Those who knew something more of the North might go on to take in the coal-fields of Durham and of the southern part of Northumberland in the modern sense. But, in such a discussion, no one would take in, because there is no reason why he should take in, Cumberland, Westmoreland, or the northern part of Northumberland. To the picturesque tourist, on the other hand, the North of England would mean mainly Cumberland and Westmoreland, the Lake District in short—in ignorance perhaps of the rich stores of natural beauty to be found in Yorkshire, in further ignorance perhaps that no contemptible part of the Lake District itself lies within the borders of Lancashire. This last is a grievance which the Cartmel part of Lancashire has to share with some other parts of the world. It is a hard task to convince mankind that Mont Blanc is not, and never was, in Switzerland. So in my own part of our island, our local feelings are often trampled on by tourists who calmly set down the finest scenery in Somerset as being part of Devonshire.

My local back was not a little put up when I once read in a tourist book that the Barle, a river which no one here is likely ever to have heard of, but every inch of whose course lies in Somerset, was the best trout-stream in Devonshire. "West of England" is a phrase just as vague as North. That phrase takes in Gloucestershire, at all events when cloth is the matter in hand; yet the city of Gloucester is a good deal nearer to the North Foreland in Kent than it is to the Land's End. Bath, which is more undoubtedly part of the West of England, stands about equally distant from the Eastern and Western ends of the island. I mention these facts, because difficulties of the same kind as those which meet us in our common modern speech meet us also in dealing with the early history of our country. If I were to speak of the early history of Northern England, I might be fairly asked to define my meaning a little more exactly. There is a history of Northern England which would take in a very wide range indeed, which would have a good deal to say to the history of Scotland, of Wales, and of central England. Within that history there is, what the mention of Northern England in early times would most naturally suggest, the history of Northumberland in the widest sense, sometimes as a single kingdom, sometimes as the two kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia. Within this history again there is, what more immediately concerns you here, the special history of Deira or Yorkshire. Now each of these greater and smaller regions really has a history of its own in the strictest sense. And what I am trying to do now is, not to tell you the history of any one of them in any detail, but to point out some of the special features of each in relation to the history of the others, and to the history of England in general.

The main characteristic feature in the history of Northern England may be said to be this. Northern England has over and over again had the chief place in the island set before it; it has grasped at it; it has held it for a while; but it

has never permanently kept, it till, in quite modern times, it has certainly both grasped it and kept it from one point of view. Politically and commercially, Northern England, that is, in this sense of the words, chiefly Yorkshire and Lancashire, now holds, as you know much better than I can tell you, the first local place in our island. I say the first local place, because, after all, the greatest city of the island, the capital of the whole kingdom and of the whole British dominions, is not within your borders. But the importance of London is not a local importance, like the importance of Liverpool and Manchester, of Leeds and Hull. London became the capital of England, because among the great cities of England it was at once the greatest and, in a certain sense, the most central. But its modern importance is wholly that of a capital, not that of a local city. The importance of Liverpool and Manchester is the importance of Liverpool and Manchester in themselves; the importance of London is not the importance of London in itself; it is the importance of the place which is the seat of the common government of the whole land, the centre and meeting-place of people from every part of the whole land. In that vast range of buildings which is popularly called "London" and vulgarly called "the metropolis," there is, save within that ancient and illustrious city round which that range of buildings has grown, no real local love for the place itself. People who cannot live save in London, who despise everything out of London, who unconsciously fancy that London is the whole world, have not the same local patriotism for London which a man of one of your great towns has for his own town. It is not London as London, it is the capital of England and of the British dominions, which your man who cannot live out of London really cherishes. For strictly local importance—for the personal importance, so to speak, of the place itself, as distinguished from what we may call the official importance of the capital—Northern England now undoubtedly stands first.

It stands first, all the more unmistakably first, because it is not the seat of actual dominion. If York had become, as it very well might have become, the permanent capital of England, the other towns of Northern England could hardly have risen to the importance to which they have risen. The history of Northern England may therefore be said to come to this, that, after several struggles for dominion, we may say after several periods of dominion, it has at last come to the front in another and a better form than that of dominion.

In this sense the history of Northern England begins before it became Northern England, before any part of Britain became England at all. York—not indeed Anglian and Danish Eborwic, but the older Eboracum which the Anglian and Danish city locally continues—holds a place which is unique in the history of Britain, which is shared by one other city only in the lands north of the Alps. York, and York alone among the cities of Britain, has been the dwelling-place of the Cæsars of Rome. London was even then the great seat of commerce, but York was the seat of Empire. York saw the last days of Severus in one age and of Constantius in another; and from York, as I have already said, Constantine went forth to change the face of the European world for all time. And he went forth first of all to what we may call the sister city of Eboracum, to Augusta Treverorum, to Trier upon the Mosel. York and Trier are the two Imperial cities beyond the Alps; the love of Julian, and of Julian alone, for his dear Lutetia does not entitle Paris on the Seine to rank in Imperial history alongside of the cities on the Mosel and the Ouse. Yet the history of Paris supplies a certain not uninteresting analogy with the history of York and of Northern England. Let no man beguile you into thinking that Paris has been from all eternity the one inevitable capital of Gaul. But it is none the less true that Paris saw the headship of Gaul dangled before her over and over again before the time when

she actually grasped it. Under Julian, under Chlodwig, perhaps under Pippin, certainly under Charles the Bald, things looked for a moment as if Paris was going to be the head. But it looked so only for a moment, till the day came when Paris, her prince and her citizens, proved their worthiness for the post in the great siege at the hands of the Northmen. In the like sort this your land and its ancient capital had a glimpse of Empire, in days when Empire meant dominion far beyond the bounds of the Isle of Britain. And when our forefathers had come into the land, when so large a part of Britain had become England, this northern portion of the land seemed to be more than once on the full march to the supremacy over the whole. These glimpses of dominion form the early history of Northern England as Northern England; but, before I speak of them, I must give a few words to the process by which the land of Eboracum became Northern England.

Of the whole story of the English Conquest no part is more obscure than the history of the English settlement in Deira. Do not, because Deira and Bernicia were presently joined together under the great name of Northumberland, mix up the settlement of Deira and the settlement of Bernicia. Of the settlement of Bernicia, the land from the Tees to the Forth, we know something. It is not much that we know, but it is something. A number of scattered English settlements were gathered together under Ida, the patriarch of Northumbrian kingship, him whom the quaking Britons spake of as *Ida the Flame-bearer*. But his throne was not planted within the walls of Imperial York; his dominion did not spread over the hills of Cleveland or over the flats of Holderness. From a rock overhanging the German ocean, he ruled on the estuary of the Forth, but not on the estuary of the Humber. On the height of Bamburgh a hedge—a palisade—fenced in his royal city; the hedge gave way to a wall of earth, and in later days the site of the royal city

was covered by the defences of a single castle. Few spots in Britain have beheld more stirring events than the fortress which sits so proudly on that stern basaltic rock. But we might freely give up the tale of one of the many sieges of Bamburgh, could we get in exchange a single ray of light to throw on the struggle which made Eboracum English. Not a detail have I to set before you of the way, of the time, when the city of Severus and Constantius, the head of all the Britons, came into the hands of the Anglian invaders. There is indeed an uncertified British tale about an Archbishop of Eboracum withdrawing from the conquered city, but we have not a word from the other side. We have no fragments of a song of Eboracum, as we have fragments of the song of Anderida; we have no such living and speaking witnesses of the day of victory as the earth has given up to the research of our times within the walls of Silchester. There we may still see the very eagle which yielded to the arms of Cerdic; we have no such memorial in the capital of the North. Yet no prey in the whole land could have been richer. Roman York must have been a great and mighty city. The inhabited space had spread far beyond the walls of the first Roman enclosure, those walls of which so stately a fragment still strikes the eye of every visitor in the space between Saint Leonard's Hospital and Saint Mary's Abbey. We are sometimes inclined to wonder at the small extent of the Roman enclosure in the case of famous cities like York and Lincoln, and to contrast it with the far greater space which lies within the walls of a place like Silchester, which could at no time have been a real rival either of the Imperial dwelling-place or of the colony of Lindum. The cause doubtless is that the settlement of Eboracum and Lindum belongs to the earlier days of Roman occupation. The oldest town represented simply the original camp, and that small enclosure spread out into spacious suburbs while the Roman still ruled in the land.

Roman York, if under that name we take in the whole inhabited circuit which had gathered round the first camp, stretched beyond the Ouse, just as modern York does. And the land round the capital was full of smaller towns and detached houses, rich with the culture and splendour which the Roman carried with him into the farthest points of his dominion. I have gone over but a small part of your wide shire; but I have seen the lines of the camp at Malton; I have seen the ground thick with the rich mosaic pavements which lurk under so many houses in what once was Isurium, what now is Aldborough. Mark the name; Isurium did not live on by its old name; it did not, like Tadcaster and Doncaster, keep up the memory of the Roman *castrum* in its new name. The Roman town perished; it stood void, as Deva and Aquæ Solis once stood void, as Anderida and Calleva stand void still. When men again dwelled on the site, the memory of Roman habitation had passed away; the Roman walls stood as a mysterious relic of past times, like the huge stones, reared in unrecorded days by forgotten hands, which stand at no great distance. The new inhabitants had no better, no more distinctive, name than the Old Borough—the fortress built long ago, they knew not when or by whom—to give to the relics of the once flourishing city of men which the sword of their conquering forefathers had made a wilderness.

But, if it thus fared with the lowlier settlement of Isurium, how fared it with the city of the Cæsars? Was there any time when the walls of Eboracum stood with no dwelling-place of man within them? I cannot answer the question with any certainty—I know not whether local research can throw any light upon the question. The general history of Britain leaves the question, like most questions touching the English settlement of Deira, shrouded in utter darkness. Yet one might almost venture the guess that so great and strong a city might be able to hold out long after the surrounding country, and that Eboracum

may not have fallen before the English arms till Englishmen had ceased to be utter destroyers and had learned to dwell in the cities which they subdued. At any rate, if York ever stood desolate, its day of desolation could not have been long. Early in the seventh century it was again a city, and a royal city, the capital of the Bretwalda Eadwine. Nay, by that time the second period of dominion had begun for the city and for the land of which it was the head. Our first glimpse of the city on the Ouse, after it had changed from Roman Eboracum into English Eoforwic, shows it to us as a city not only royal, but more than royal, as the seat of a supremacy acknowledged by all the Teutonic kingdoms of the island, save Kent alone.

Over the settlement of Deira then a dark veil hangs; but towards the end of the sixth century the veil is in a measure lifted, and we see something of the mighty realm that was formed by the union of Bernicia and Deira. The great name of Northumberland is now heard for the first time under Kings who went forth conquering and to conquer. We can see that the land between Humber and Forth is disputed between two rival kingly houses, each sprung of the stock of Woden by different lines, one representing the royalty of Bernicia and the other the royalty of Deira. Each line alike gave Kings to the united realm, Kings under whom the Northumbrian name rose to the first place among the Teutonic settlements in Britain. Under Æthelfrith grandson of Ida the Northumbrian arms won one of those victories which form landmarks in the history of our folk, one of those great days which helped to make England England. Like many a man of Northumberland after him, Æthelfrith smote the Scots with a mighty overthrow; but in his day warfare with the Scots was still of less moment than warfare with the Briton. Call up before your eyes the map of our island as it stood in the third quarter of the sixth century. From Kent to the Forth the whole

Eastern coast is English; Canterbury, London, Lincoln, York, are English and heathen cities; but neither Angle nor Saxon has yet made his way to the Western sea. The unbroken British land still stretches from the Land's End to Dunbarton; Isca, Aquæ Solis, Glevum, Uriconium, are still British; they have not yet changed into Exeter, Bath, Gloucester, and fallen Wroxeter. And, if I may venture to tread the narrow debateable land which parts off history from fable, I would add that monks of his own race still raised their song over the tomb of Arthur in the isle of Avalon. But, beyond all these, at the very angle, the very turning point, of northern and southern Britain, Deva, the City of the Legions, still stood untouched on its *Wirhal*, the link which bound the Briton of Strathclyde to the Briton of what we now specially call Wales. It was clear by this time that the English had won a hold on Britain from which they could never be dislodged. But it was still far from clear whether their power was destined to any further advance. It had still to be settled whether the fate of the island was not to be divided lengthways, with its western side as the lot of the Celt and its eastern side as the lot of the Teuton. The generation which saw the beginning of English conversion to Christianity saw also the warfare which was to settle for ever which was to be the ruling race in this island. Through the still unbroken mass of unconquered land which formed the western side of Britain, West-Saxon Ceawlin was the first to pierce his way, and to carry the English arms to the shores of the Severn Sea. Wales in the modern sense was thus for ever cut off from the West-Welsh peninsula, the land of Devonshire and Cornwall. But to break through at another point, to cut off Wales from Strathclyde as well as from Cornwall, to carry the English arms to the Irish Sea, was a triumph which was destined, not for West-Saxon but for Northumbrian prowess. That Ceawlin strove after the great prize of Deva there is little doubt; but he failed

to win it; he made Uriconium a desolation, but he never reached the north-western sea. That was the work of Æthelfrith; the grandson of the Flame-bearer smote the Britons beneath the walls of the City of the Legions, and left those walls to stand void—a waste *chester* as our fathers called it—till Chester again arose as a city at the bidding of the daughter of Ælfred. You will all have heard the tale, many of you will know the mournful melody, of the monks of Bangor. And it is not unnatural that the feelings of those who hear the tale should go with suffering Christians against heathen invaders. Yet we should not forget that those heathen invaders were ourselves. We were the Turks, and worse than the Turks, of those days; the sword was our only argument; the persecuted Briton had not even the chance of Koran or tribute. But simply because we carried slaughter and havoc to a more fearful pitch than any Turk ever carried them, for that very reason our conquest carried with it the hopes of better things. We stood on the ground which we made without inhabitants to grow up, not as a mere conquering caste, but as a new people of the land. We stood ready to receive a new faith and a higher civilization. The teaching which we cannot say that we refused at the hands of the Briton, because the Briton never offered it to us, we stood ready to receive from the Roman and the Scot. The victory of Æthelfrith at Deva was, as I said, one of those great blows which made England England. The British power was now broken in pieces; the long unbroken Celtic land was split into three fragments, each standing ready to be conquered in detail. Northumberland, Mercia, Wessex, had now each her special portion of British territory to deal with. We may weep for the monks of Bangor; but the day of their massacre was none the less one of the great days in the growth of the English nation. And the victory of Æthelfrith was the last great victory of the heathen English; Deva was the last city which

was taken only to be left desolate. When Æthelfrith slew the British monks, part of England was already Christian. Our first picture of Northumberland is the picture of her first Christian King. And before that same seventh century had passed, Northumberland had become the brightest part of the whole island, the special home of learning and holiness, the cradle of the history of our people, the cradle of the poetry of our tongue.

The conqueror of Deva fell in battle, and his dominion passed away to another house; but the greatness of the Northumbrian land was not thereby touched. Æthelfrith of Bernicia gave way to Eadwine of Deira; and we now see the supremacy of Northumberland distinctly acknowledged. Its King holds the rank of Bretwalda, accompanied, it would seem, by a more widely extended dominion than had been held by any of the earlier princes who bore that title. Mark too that we now distinctly see the old Imperial city standing out as the capital of the newly united realm. But mark too how gradual a thing the progress of English conquest was, how often little scraps of territory in favourable positions were held by the Britons long after the neighbouring land had passed into the hands of the invaders. Eadwine ruled in York; but, even after Deva had fallen before Æthelfrith, spots much nearer to York than Deva were still British. Every one knows the name of Leeds; every Yorkshireman ought to know the name of Elmet. The district still keeps its British name, and so, besides Leeds, do one or two other places in it. That was Eadwine's own conquest; while he was spreading his external supremacy over so large a part of the island, he had still to win this little land close at his own door to form part of his immediate kingdom.

Of Eadwine, in his character as the first Christian King in Northumberland I need hardly speak. Every one surely knows the tale, if not in Bede's own text, yet at least in some of the endless translations and followings of his tale, to the number of which I must

confess to have myself added. But the tale gets fresh clearness and fresh interest from a sight of the places which figure in it. I suspect that most people fancy—I am sure that for a long time I fancied so myself—that the famous debate among the Northumbrian Witan, the old thegn's parable of the swallow, the worldly-wise argument of Coifi, all happened at York. But when the story gets more life by going over the ground, it is plain that the council was not held in the city, but in some rural hall of the king. The most likely spot, as it seems to me, is that which had been Derwentio, which was to be Aldby, on the Derwent, not far from the battle-field of Stamfordbridge. And one who has stopped at the Market Weighton station, who has walked along with the church of Godmundingaham on the high ground above him, who has marked the church itself on its knoll, who has found—I was not sharp-sighted enough to find—the earthworks which are said to surround it, who has further stood among those strangely irregular masses of ground at some distance, about which the learned dispute—and I am sure I will not take upon me to decide—whether they are the work of nature or art,—he who has gone over all this ground for himself will go away with a more vivid picture of the times when the temple of the old gods stood in the enclosure which is now the churchyard; he will more easily call up before his eyes the headlong ride of Coifi, and the amazement of men as the priest of Woden hurled his spear against the holy place of the creed which he cast away. I have myself gone over but a small part of your great shire; I have seen but a few of its historic spots; but I have seen quite enough of them to carry away an idea of the events of old Northumbrian history such as I could never have formed if I had simply looked at it through the spectacles of books. It is something to have trodden even part of the ground which Bæla and others since Bæda have made famous. York of course and its minster every man has seen; but I know not what

proportion of those who have seen them have made their way into the inner lurking-places of the crypt, to trace out, among the richly channelled columns of Archbishop Roger, the few rough stones which remain of the church of Eadwine and Paullinus.

But the church of Eadwine and Paullinus suggests another thought which is closely connected with that aspect of Northumbrian history which I am throughout keeping in my eye. Look at the ecclesiastical map of England: you are at once struck with the strange inequality in geographical extent between the two archiepiscopal provinces. Turn over the records of ecclesiastical history, so largely the records of ecclesiastical disputes, and you will find that in our own land there was no more fertile source of disputes than the claims of the archiepiscopal see of York to equality with, sometimes to precedence over, the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. It sometimes strikes us as strange how there could be a dispute of this kind between the Archbishop of York, who for a long time had but a single suffragan Bishop, and the Archbishop of Canterbury who had a dozen and more. But here you have, in an ecclesiastical shape, one of those glimpses of dominion which were given to the Northumbrian kingdom, and, along with it, to the Northumbrian archbishoprick. Look again at the map, and take in, not only all England but all Britain; conceive a province stretching from the Humber to Cape Wrath, and the island is not unequally divided between such a province and the other province stretching from the Humber to the English Channel. And this is what the ecclesiastical province of York was meant to be. All Britain, Celtic and Teutonic, was to be divided between the two English Primates. Wales and Cornwall were thrown into the lot of Canterbury; Scotland, a tougher morsel, was thrown into the lot of York. Canterbury did make the spiritual conquest of Wales and Cornwall; but the claims of York to spiritual jurisdiction over Scotland were always

somewhat shadowy. Still there were such claims; they were asserted, and were, ever and anon, partially enforced, quite down to the thirteenth century. And a memory of the old arrangement lived on in the fact that, though the churches of Scotland threw off their submission to York, they had no Archbishop of their own, till the claims of York had utterly passed away in the Scottish war of independence. On the other hand, as the Northumbrian Kings sometimes extended their power south of the Humber, so the Northumbrian Primates ever and anon laid claim to jurisdiction over more than one diocese south of the Humber also. But it is only within much later times that the spiritual greatness of the North, like some aspects of its temporal greatness, has made palpable advances. Instead of the one suffragan of York in the eleventh century, her two suffragans in the twelfth, she now has six; and three of them are distinctly badges of conquest. The sees of Chester and Manchester have arisen on ground won from Canterbury, and Man is a conquest from Norwegian Trondhjem.

The greatness of Northumberland goes on all through the seventh century and part of the eighth. It goes on through momentary defeats, defeats which almost rise into momentary conquests, through revolutions, through divisions and unions and transfers of the crown from one branch of the stock of Woden to another. Eadwine died in battle, and Northumberland was overrun, not only by Mercian, but by British enemies. Oswald the sainted king died in battle also, and heathen Penda again overran the land. But misfortunes of this kind were only momentary; Eadwine and Oswald were both Bretwaldas; so was the more lucky Oswiu, in whom the kingship of all Northumberland finally came back to the house of Ida. If Penda carried fire and sword as far as Ida's fortress by the Ocean, the fight of Winwæd cost him his power and his life, and took away from the older gods all hope of winning back the folk of England to their altars. Through the greater part of

the seventh century, Northumberland is incontestably the first power in Britain, a power ruling far away to the west and north over lands which for ages we have been taught to look on as if they had been Scottish from all eternity. At last, at Nectansmere the Celt had his day of vengeance, and the north-western dominion of the Northumbrian Angles was cut short on the field on which Egfrith fell. Still the North kept for a while her religious and intellectual supremacy, as the cradle of the second youth of English genius, of the first birth of English learning. Do not forget that the English tongue, that the earliest compositions in the English tongue, are more ancient than the migration which brought Englishmen to the shores of Britain. The first poets of the English race belonged, not to this our island England, but to the older England on the mainland. Had their tongue been Greek instead of English, their fame would have sounded from one end of heaven to the other. But the poets of our Homeric epic and of our Homeric catalogue, the gleemen who sang the tale of Beowulf and the Song of the Traveller, being English, are nameless. But of the first Christian English minstrelsy, of the first recorded English minstrelsy on British ground, the land of Northumberland, the land of Deira, is the parent. Yours is Cædmon, the bard of the Creation, the bard of the battles of the patriarchs—he who, a thousand years before Milton wrote, had forestalled Milton alike in his daring subject and in its majestic treatment—he who sang how Abraham went forth to the slaughter of the Kings in the same strains and with the same living strength as he might have sung how heathen Penda fell before the sword of the Lord and of Oswiu. And if Whitby—in those days Streones-halh—claims, as the home of Cædmon, the firstfruits of English sacred song for your own Deira, so Jarrow, the home of Bæda, claims the firstfruits of English learning, of English written history, for your neighbours of Bernicia. Each of the lands which made up England

has had its share in building up the tongue and the literature of England. From Northumberland came her first poetry and her first learning; from Wessex came the beginnings of her prose literature, her Chronicle written in our own tongue. And, to make all equal, the speech which has become the written English of the last five hundred years is neither the tongue of Cædmon of Northumberland nor the tongue of Ælfred of Wessex, but the tongue which lies between the two, the tongue of that side of Mercia which stretches towards East-Anglia. Each part of the land then owes something to each other part; but that Northumberland led the way, alike in poetry and in history, alike in English and in Latin composition, is a fact which no Mercian or West-Saxon can venture to deny.

Here then, in the seventh century, we see Northumberland incontestably the first state of Britain, first in arms and first in arts. But neither the political nor the literary supremacy of Northumberland was lasting. As the Imperial position of York in Roman days was but a glimpse, so the great position of York and of all Northumberland in the second stage of English settlement in Britain was but a glimpse also. The power of the Northumbrian Bretwaldas, the lore of the Northumbrian poets and scholars, passed away to other parts of England. In the course of the eighth century Northumberland was utterly weakened by internal strifes, by the endless setting up and pulling down of momentary kings. In the early years of the ninth century, it submitted, along with the other English kingdoms, to the supremacy of West-Saxon Egberht. Mark that I say merely the supremacy; I fancy that some people still fancy that Egberht and Ælfred were immediate kings of all England. I suppose those at least do so who believe that Ælfred founded the University of Oxford or some college in it. But such old-wives' fables may be left to the sect which cherishes that curious belief. Those who know English history know that that stage of the West-Saxon supremacy which is

represented by Egberht in no way interfered with the separate being of the kingdoms of Northumberland, Mercia, and East-Anglia. The external supremacy—in the next century it was called the Imperial supremacy—of the head kings was a supremacy purely external. It is something like the supremacy which the Turk now holds over Servia and Egypt, with this important difference that the relation came about in two opposite ways. In the case of Northumberland and Mercia, the position of a dependent kingdom was an intermediate stage between absolute independence and more complete incorporation. The dependent position of Servia is an intermediate stage between more complete subjection and absolute independence. The same point has been reached by two opposite roads: the faces of the travellers are looking two opposite ways. Still, though the relation has been brought about by opposite causes, there is a good deal of likeness in the relation itself while it lasts. In short, what Egberht did was simply to transfer to Wessex, more thoroughly, more permanently, that same kind of external supremacy which several Northumbrian kings had held over Wessex itself.

And now we come to a third glimpse of dominion again held up before the eyes of the Northumbrian realm and the great Northumbrian city. The land and its capital had been great under the Roman, and the Roman had utterly passed away; they had been great under the Angle, and the power of the Angle had passed into the hands of the Saxon. Then came the great invasion of the Danes, an event which must have changed the whole face of Northern England, and the traces of which in speech and in nomenclature abide to this day. Under a new race of conquerors Northumberland again lifted its head. I will not go here into ethnological speculations, and I must give one word of warning against the way in which some people see Danes and Northmen everywhere, and attribute to direct Scandinavian influ-

ence everything which Dane and Englishman have in common as nearly allied members of one great race. People who talk in this way are in much the same state of mind as those other people—or perhaps the same—who think that the object of comparative philology is to show that Greek is derived from Sanscrit. And those who talk in this way commonly talk so fiercely, and with so wild a rush of words, that I have sometimes ventured to call them the Berserker school. But laying aside this Berserker madness, the effect of which of course is to tempt us to underrate the real amount of Danish influence in England, let us see what that amount really was. It is clear that a great part of Northumberland and of north-eastern Mercia received Danish rulers. It is clear that, with their Danish rulers they received Danish settlers in numbers large enough to possess the chief landed estates in the country and to form the ruling class in the chief towns. A crowd of places changed their names, and were called afresh after their new Danish lords, with the Danish ending *by*. That ending pretty well enables us to trace the extent of actual Danish settlement in Northumberland and Mercia. I say in Northumberland and Mercia; because in East-Anglia, though that land was undoubtedly conquered by the Danes and became the seat of a Danish dynasty, local nomenclature was not changed in the same way. In Northumberland and Mercia, the *by* ending stretches from Whitby on one side and Kirkby Kendal and Allonby on the other, through Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, in all which shires the ending is common, on through Northamptonshire, where it is rare, into Warwickshire, where it dies out at Rugby. But in East-Anglia the *by* ending is not in this way spread over the whole country; there is a group of *by*'s all by themselves in one part of Norfolk, and that is all. The Danish Conquest then, though its effects have been a good deal exaggerated, was a very important event and wrought very

great changes. Without working such changes as the English Conquest of Britain, I conceive that it must have wrought a greater immediate change than the Norman Conquest of England. I say a greater immediate change; because it certainly did not work so great a lasting change. On the one hand, the Danes were the kinsmen of the English, and the special kinsmen of the Northern English. There can be little doubt that Dane and Angle were nearer to each other than Dane and Saxon, that a Danish conquest of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, a transfer of the chief power in those lands into Danish hands, was a less violent revolution than a Danish conquest of Kent or Wessex would have been. On the other hand, the Danish Conquest, like the earlier English Conquest, was a heathen conquest, and in this respect it must have been at the time a far greater change than the later Norman Conquest. But the Dane, when once settled in England, among a people whose language, habits, and feelings had much in common with his own, soon adopted their religion also. The Christian Dane soon became the countryman of the Christian Angle; but it was not till after a time in which the Christian Angle was glad to welcome Saxon conquerors as deliverers from his heathen masters. Here then was the weakness of the Danish rule; here was the hindrance which made the third period of Northumbrian greatness still more truly a mere glimpse than the two which went before it.

I said just now that, by help of local nomenclature, we are able to trace the extent of the Danish settlement in Northumberland and Mercia. Now this leads us to a fact which I fancy is not always taken in as it should be, which at any rate cost me some time, some reading, some journeying, and some thought, before I fully took it in. This is the fact that all Northumberland did not become Danish in any sense. I would not rashly say even that all Deira, that all Yorkshire, did. Deira, even after it had taken its modern name

of Yorkshire, stretched, as Domesday will show, far beyond the present bounds of the three ridings. It reached from sea to sea, and took in much that is now Lancashire, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. It took in, in short, so much of Cumberland and Westmoreland as was English at all; from Egfrith to William Rufus, Carlisle and its district was no part of England. You will see the exact boundaries by looking to the ecclesiastical divisions—which always represent older secular divisions—as they stood before modern changes. The diocese of York, as it stood down to Henry the Eighth, will show you the western and northern boundaries of the kingdom of Deira, the Yorkshire of Domesday. The diocese of Carlisle, as it stood down to the very last changes, will show you the extent of that Cumberland, with its capital Carlisle, which was added to England by William Rufus. Now the phenomena of north-western England are exceedingly puzzling; I should not like to be set accurately to map out the exact extent of Danish settlement on that side. Standing here in Hull, I would ask to be allowed to keep myself in the safer region which is washed by the German Ocean. Here we can trace our Danes easily. They go up all through Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; but where Yorkshire ends, they end too. Yorkshire or Deira, or at any rate all its central and eastern part, became Danish, so far as any part of England became Danish. Danish kings reigned in York; Danish lords divided the surrounding lands among them. But beyond the Tees, in Bernicia, in the diocese of Durham, to give it its later ecclesiastical name—that is, not only the temporal *bishoprick* of Durham, but the whole ecclesiastical diocese—the Danes conquered in a sense, but they did not settle. Nomenclature proves it: the nomenclature of that district opens several very curious questions; but I will mention only the one point which immediately concerns me. The *by* ending, so common in Deira, dies out in Bernicia. That alone proves that the

land was not occupied as Deira was. And we know that English princes went on reigning at Bamburgh, most likely under Danish supremacy, while the Dane himself reigned at York, and threatened to make York, as it had been under the Roman and under the Angle, once more the head of Britain.

This time I say “threatened” rather than promised. Whatever may be any man’s feelings with regard to any earlier or later time, I presume that every man, even in the most Danish parts of the Danish land, must feel his heart go forth with the West-Saxon champions of England and of Christendom in the great struggle of the tenth century. Such at least was, in the tenth century itself, the feeling of the English inhabitants of the Danish Five-Boroughs, when Eadmund the Doer-of-great-deeds set free those who had so long pined in heathen bondage. And, if such was the feeling at Lincoln and Nottingham, at Derby and Leicester and Stamford, we may guess that it was the same at York also. Yet, looking at things from a purely local and Northumbrian point of view, the warfare of the children and grandchildren of Ælfred, the warfare of Eadward and Æthelstæd, of Æthelstan and Eadmund and Eadred, was a warfare which did more than anything before or after to weld England into a single kingdom, but which did that work only at the cost of a more distinct subjection of Northern to Southern England, of the Dane and the Angle to the Saxon, than had been wrought by the Bretwaldaship of Egberht. Deira, under her Danish Kings, stood forth again as a rival power with Wessex; York stood forth again as the rival of Winchester; but this time it was the rivalry of a foreign and heathen power. A new Penda threatened England from the throne of Eadwine, and the part of Oswald had now to be played by the conqueror from the South. But it needed campaign after campaign, submission after submission, revolt after revolt, before the stubborn Dane finally bowed to his West-Saxon

lord. The Dane rises under his native chiefs; he calls in his kinsfolk from Denmark and from Ireland; he leagues with the Scot to fall at his side at Brunanburh; again and again he wrests half the kingdom from his momentary conqueror; till at last, after four reigns, the struggle is over, the royalty of Northumberland passes away, and Deira and Bernicia are ruled, sometimes by a single Earl, sometimes by two, lieutenants of the West-Saxon prince who has grown into King of the English and Emperor of Britain. For the Imperial style now lives again; but the seat of Empire has now finally passed from York to Winchester, to pass again from Winchester to London. But the Northumbrian spirit was not dead; in Bernicia the line of the ancient princes still ruled as Earls on the rock of Bamburgh; and Northumberland as a whole, Dane and Angle, Deira and Bernicia, could at least turn the scale between rival Kings of the West-Saxon house. Eadgar the Peaceful was called to the throne by the voice of Northern England; and in the Guildhall of your metropolis he stands side by side with Constantine, as the prince who confirmed the men to whom he owed his crown in the possession of their local laws and their ancient freedom. The third chance of Northumbrian dominion had passed away; but it passed away by the process through which Northumberland and Wessex alike became parts of England.

It might perhaps have seemed that yet another chance of dominion was offered to Northern—to Danish—England when all England passed under the dominion of a Danish King. But the conquest of all England by Cnut was an event of quite another character from the earlier settlement which made Deira so largely Danish. It was far more a personal conquest than a national settlement. A King of Danish birth was set on the West-Saxon throne; but his dominion remained West-Saxon. The reign of Cnut was in fact the highest point of West-Saxon greatness. Winchester was the Imperial city of

Northern Europe, where the Emperor of six kingdoms, the lord of the Ocean and the Baltic, wore his crown in the city of Ælfred as the home which he had chosen out of all his realms. Under Cnut Northumberland must have flourished; for the Laws of Cnut were, in the usual formula, looked back to in after days, as marking the good old times, the times of peace and good government. But at no moment in English history was there less sign of Northumberland being the ruling land, or York the ruling city, of England. Even when the kingdom was again for a moment divided between the sons of Cnut, it was Mercia rather than Northumberland which came to the front; the capital of the first Harold was not York but Oxford. Northumberland still continues to play a great part in English affairs; but we can hardly say that she ever had a fourth chance of dominion to be put on a level with her three earlier chances. The land often stands apart from the rest of England; it seems often to aim at local independence; but there is no distinct sign of its aiming at dominion. Northumberland rose in the days of the Confessor; but the insurgents were won over by the acknowledgement of the Earl of their own choice. Northumberland refused to acknowledge Harold the son of Godwine; but the malecontents—they did not reach the stage of insurgents—were won over by the presence of the new King and by his marriage with the sister of their new Earl. What changes might have happened had Harold of Norway been victor at Stamfordbridge we can only guess. He might have reigned at York; but he assuredly would not have been satisfied with a mere Northumbrian kingdom, and London and Winchester might have had the same charms for him which they had for Cnut. The conduct of Eadwine and Morkere at the moment of the Norman invasion seems to point to a hope of holding Northern England as a separate earldom or kingdom, and of leaving Harold or William, as the case might be, to rule in Wessex as he

thought good. So again, we can only guess at the schemes of those who so often defended the Northern land against the Norman, and who so often called in the kindred Dane to their help. Most likely those who sought, now for West-Saxon Eadgar, now for Danish Swegen, to rule over them, dreamed of driving the Norman out of all England, if it could be done, and, if that failed, of holding York and Northumberland as a realm independent of him. But vague schemes of this kind hardly amount to a fourth chance, to a fourth glimpse, of Northumbrian dominion.

One thing at least is certain, that the Norman Conquest crushed all hopes of Northumbrian dominion, as dominion, for ever. In this sense the Norman Conquest was in very truth a Saxon Conquest. It ruled that England should be for ever an united kingdom; and it further ruled that the seat of dominion of that united kingdom should be placed in its Southern, and not in its Northern part. Yet Northern England may at least boast thus much, that in no part of the land did the Conqueror meet with stouter resistance, that on no part of the land did his avenging hand fall more heavily. We read in the writers of the time of the harrying of the northern shires, of the fields laid waste, of the towns left without inhabitants, of the churches crowded by the sick and hungry as the one place of shelter. We read in the formal language of documents how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day, and sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread. We read how the weary and homeless met with such shelter, such alms, as one monastery and one town could give at the hands of good Abbot Æthelwig of Evesham. And, perhaps more striking than all, we read in the calm pages of Domesday the entries of "Waste," "Waste," down whole pages, the records which show how lands which had supplied the halls of two or three English thegns could now yield hardly a penny of income to their foreign masters. To most of us all this is mere book-learning;

it was mere book-learning to me a few months back. But tales like these put on a new and fearful truth, they are clothed with a life which is terrible indeed, to one who has seen the like with his own eyes. Let me go back once more to the lands from whence I set forth at the beginning of this lecture. The harrying of Northumberland has ceased to be a mere name to one who has seen somewhat of the harrying of Herzegovina. The churchyard of Evesham, crowded with the refugees who had fled from their wasted homes, becomes a reality in the eyes of one who has looked on the same sad sight in the *lazaretto* of Ragusa. And who is there who has either seen for himself or heard from others of all that is at this moment borne by the sufferers in the noblest cause in which man can suffer, who will not stretch out his hand to do over again, according to his power, the good deeds of the bounteous Abbot? A Domesday of Herzegovina would show entries of "waste" as thick along its pages as the Domesday of Yorkshire. But your forefathers had at least to deal with a tyrant of nobler mould than the oppressor of the Slavonic lands. The wrath of William the Great was stern; his policy was cold and cruel; but he at least never sank to the base art of cajoling men back to destruction by lying words.¹

With the Norman Conquest then all chance of Northumberland maintaining itself, either as the dominant part of England or as a state distinct from Southern England, came to an end. But the history of the land, as still a great and important part of England, went on unbroken. The men of the North overthrew the invading Scot at Northallerton and at Alnwick; the barons of the North were foremost in wresting the Great Charter from the rebel King. And in one special aspect

¹ The art seems hereditary; the song of the spider to the fly is now (June) being sung by new Murad as lustily as it was by old Abd-ul-Aziz. But a burned child dreads the fire; and no Slave with arms in his hands is likely to listen to the promises of a Turk.

of the ecclesiastical and artistic life of England, the shire that was Deira stands foremost among all the shires of England. The same Walter of Espec who led the men of Yorkshire to victory under the banners of the older saints of York and Beverley and Ripon was also among the first to enrich the dales of Yorkshire, their woods and their rushing streams, with the holy places of the new-born order of Cîteaux. It was from a foreign house that the Cistercian took his name; but it was English Harding who received at his hands the homage of a founder. On later times I will not enter; I need not read in your ears the long bede-roll of the worthies of your shire, or the bede-roll—not a short one—of the worthies of your own borough. Among the honoured names of Northern England I will name but one, the latest but not the least. It is

by no unfitting cycle that the list of the great historians of England, which began with a man of Bernicia, ends as yet with a man of Deira. The line which began with Bæda goes on through Simeon of Durham and Roger of Howden and other worthy names, till in our own day, the same Northern land has sent forth, in Professor Stubbs, the most life-like portrait-painter of English Kings, the most profound expounder of the English Constitution. From one who lived at Jarrow and who sleeps at Durham the torch has been handed on to one who has come forth from Knaresborough and Ripon, to make the form of the second Henry stand before us as a living man, to make the legislation of the first Edward stand before us as a living thing.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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